THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXV —No. 976

AUGUST 16, 1922

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

SPECIAL BATHING NUMBER

The BYSTANDER

1/-

Spinet

The SUPER CIGARETTE

Finest Golden Virginia, Ovals, Cork-Tipped

20 for 1/6

Also 50's & 100's.

The Pipe Tobacco de Luxe

Spinet The SUPER Mixture

2/2 per 2oz.

In enamelled pocket tins.

BOLLINGER'S

By Appointment to

H.M. KING GEORGE V.

CHAMPAGNE

1914 Vintage

SHOOLBREDS

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD, LONDON, W.1.

for

REMOVALS

of Furniture & Valuables anywhere in Town, Country or Abroad, by a staff of thoroughly experienced men

or

WAREHOUSING

in specially constructed Depositories, containing Strong Room, most conveniently situated in Central London.

Estimates and expert advice given.

"Viyella" (Regd)

A LUXURY TO WEAR.
AN ECONOMY TO BUY.

Light, soft, durable, and *definitely guaranteed* not to shrink or fade.

Shirts

Hollins DAY & NIGHT WEAR

OF HIGH-CLASS HOSIERS AND SHIRTMAKERS EVERYWHERE.

Patterns from William Hollins & Co. Ltd., 204, Viyella House, Newgate Street, London, E.C.1

CORELLI VERMOUTH

Extract from "The Lancet."

"This Vermouth consists of a matured wine, to which has been added certain vegetable extracts, mostly derived from the cinchona family. The analytical results are typical of a good Vermouth. Skilful blending of the flavouring matters has resulted in a very palatable product, which is free from 'harshness' or excessive sweetness."

Wholesale Agents:

EDWARD YOUNG & CO. LTD., London, Liverpool and Glasgow.

The BEST results are obtained by using

BORWICK'S

The Best **BAKING POWDER** in the World

for making the lightest Cakes, Scones, Pastries, Puddings, and Pies

Always insist on having Borwick's!

She doesn't know

To-day she is unblemished; her step is light and quick, her smile is gay, her teeth gleam with the white of polished pearls. A fig, then, for to-morrow.

Yet even now these precious charms are threatened by Pyorrhea and she doesn't know her danger.

If your gums are tender or bleed easily, go at once to your dentist for tooth and gum inspection and start using Forhan's For the gums to-day.

If used consistently and used in time, Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea or check its course. An excellent dentifrice, it keeps the teeth white and clean and the gums pink and healthy.

Brush Your Teeth with Forhan's—How to use it.—Place a half-inch of the refreshing, healing paste on a wet brush, then brush your teeth up and down. Massage your gums with your Forhan-coated brush — gently at first until the gums harden, then more vigorously. If the gums are very tender, massage with the finger, instead of the brush.

One size only, 2/6 a Double-sized Tube, at all Chemists.

Or get it post free from THOS. CHRISTY & CO., 4-12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

When you knock out your pipe

what do you find? A sodden mass of unsmokeable refuse, or just a few flakes of soft white ash?

Three Nuns Tobacco is peculiar in that you can smoke it right down to the very bottom of the bowl, and find the last whiff of all just as cool and sweet and fragrant as the first. The curious cut ensures that; for each little circle of tobacco is a perfect blend in itself, so that nothing is left to chance in the way you pack your pipe. And there's no dust or waste. Hence Three Nuns is the most economical tobacco you can smoke.

THREE NUNS
Tobacco

Sold everywhere in the following packings only

Packets—1-oz. 1/2—2-oz. 2/4 Tins—2-oz. 2/5—4-oz. 4/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Limited, 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow.

724

Every man should use ANZORA

for his hair, because it is the only preparation that will effectually keep the hair neat and in position throughout the day. Just rub a little into the scalp each morning and brush the hair well. Gently yet firmly refuse proffered substitutes. There is nothing 'as good as' ANZORA.

Anzora Viola for dry scalps and Anzora Cream for greasy scalps. Sold by all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores, etc., in **1/6** and **2/6** (double quantity) bottles.

ANZORA

MASTERS THE HAIR

and keeps it in position on all occasions.

ANZORA PERFUMERY CO., LTD., Willesden Lane, London, N.W.6

Kenneth Durward LTD.

THE PREMIER HOUSE FOR GOLFING, SHOOTING, SPORTING AND MOTOR GARMENTS.

A Large Selection of

Overcoats

for the Moors, Golfing, Shooting, and Holiday Wear. Ready for Immediate Wear or to Order.

From 7 Guineas.

Sporting and Golfing Jackets

In all sizes, colours and textures. Ready for Immediate Wear or to Order.

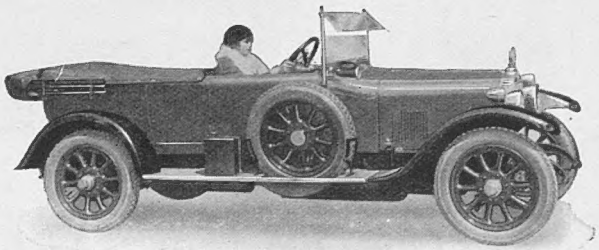
From 5 Guineas.

Unrivalled Selection of CHEVIOTS, LOVATS, and SCOTCH and IRISH HOMESPUNS, Etc., for our famous "HO" GOLF SUIT.

From 8 Guineas.

The "HO" Golfing Suit.
Pronounced by the leading Golfers to be the best Golf Coat yet invented, the expanding pleats giving the wearer perfect freedom in any position.

ULSTER HOUSE, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1.



The 16/40 h.p. 4 cyl. SUNBEAM with 5-Seater touring body. **£960**

THE SUPREME

SUNBEAM

AN EXPERT'S OPINION.

"As might be expected in a Sunbeam model, the results were more than satisfactory. The manner in which the engine tackled steeps of one in seven that embodied S bends without a suspicion of faltering, and wound up what was virtually a continuous hundred miles spin as cool almost as when it started, could not have been bettered. To sum up the whole experience, we found no possible sign of fault in any section of the car's work. No motorist could ask for a better car of its type, nor do we think he could obtain one."
—*Field*, Feb. 11th, 1922.

Other Touring Models are:
14 h.p. 4-cyl. £725
24/60 h.p. 6-cyl. .. £1,295

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.

WOLVERHAMPTON *Head Office & Works* . . . . . Moorfield Works.
LONDON . . . *Showrooms & Export Dept.*, 12, Prince's St., Hanover Sq., W.1.
. . . . *Southern Service & Repair Works*, 177, The Vale, Acton, W.3.
MANCHESTER . . *Showrooms* . . . . . 106, Deansgate.
. . . *Northern Service & Repair Works*, 288/294, Eccles New Rd., Weaste.
NEW YORK . . *Showrooms* . . . . . 25, West 57th Street.

SCOTLAND via DUNDEE

The Gateway of the Scottish Highlands.

SEA PASSAGE 28 HOURS.

The favourite steamer **"PERTH,"** built 1915, 2,063 registered tonnage, luxuriously fitted and furnished throughout, sails

From London every Wednesday
and
From Dundee every Saturday.

12-DAY TOURS:

From LONDON to CARNOUSTIE and back:
1st Class, **£10 10 0** 2nd Class, **£8 8 0**

From LONDON to PITLOCHRY and back:
1st Class, **£14 0 0** 2nd Class, **£12 0 0**

These fares include all meals on Steamer, Rail Fares and full board at first-class Hotels.

For further particulars please apply:—

THE DUNDEE, PERTH, AND LONDON SHIPPING CO., LTD.,
61, Mark Lane, London, E.C. 26, East Dock Street, DUNDEE
or any of the Company's Offices and Agents.

For the Outdoor Girl

Freedom from fatigue is assured with one of the MILLS' SPORTSMAN'S SEATS here illustrated. Strong, light to carry, a useful Walking Stick or a Comfortable Seat for waiting moments.

MILLS Pat. SPORTSMAN'S SEATS.

In addition to the pattern shown, we have a very complete range of seats to suit all purposes.

Write for illustrated List.

MILLS MUNITIONS, LTD., BRIDGE STREET WEST, BIRMINGHAM.

MORNY

BATH DUSTING POWDER "MORNY"

IS THE FOUNDATION OF A DAINTY TOILETTE

Issued perfumed in original odours as under:

"CHAMINADE"
"MYSTÉRIEUSE"
"JUNE ROSES"
} *Kegs* 5/- & 9/6

"NOCTURNE"
"SERENADE"
"VIOLETTE-MORNY"
"YESHA"
} *Kegs* 4/- & 7/6

From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from

201 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1

BY APPOINTMENT SINCE 1848

"Take a peg of John Begg!"

John Begg Ltd.

64 WATERLOO ST:
GLASGOW

106 FENCHURCH ST.
LONDON
E.C.3

PROPRIETORS OF THE
ROYAL LOCHNAGAR DISTILLERY
BALMORAL SCOTLAND

All the Royal Palaces supplied for over SEVENTY years

ALWAYS TIME FOR A SHAVE IF YOU KNOW YOUR RAZOR

There's always time for a shave — with a **KROPP** — a good, clean and pleasant shave — because this razor has a keen cutting edge which it retains longer than does any other razor. Well balanced and just the right weight for any beard, the Kropp Hollow Ground Razor simply sweeps over the face, removing the most intractable beard quickly and with little or no effort.

PRICES.

BLACK HANDLE, 10/6 IVORY HANDLE, 18/-

Every Kropp Razor is sold in a Case.

From all Hairdressers, Cutlers, Stores, &c.

Send post card for a copy of "Shaver's Kit" Booklet No. 26.

Wholesale only: **OSBORNE GARRETT & CO., Ltd., London, W 1**

Like renewing a Battery in a Flashlight

PUTTING a "Refill" into Colgate's "Handy Grip" is easy and simple. The soap itself is threaded to screw into the socket. Moisten the bit removed from the "Handy Grip" and stick it upon the end of the "Refill." There is no waste.

The metal "Handy Grip" and Container last for years. When you need refills, buy them for the price of the soap alone. There are 350 shaves in a Colgate Shaving Stick.

Price 1/3 Everywhere. Refills 1/-

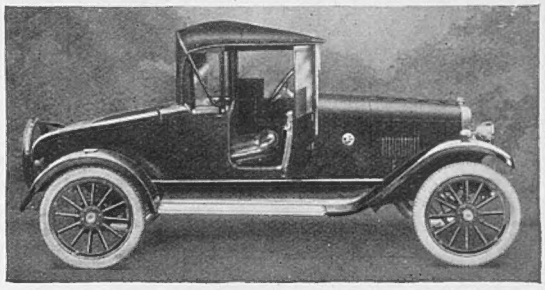
FREE TRIAL COUPON

Send this coupon (or mention this paper) with your name and address, and enclose 2d. stamp to Colgate & Co., as under, and you will receive a generous trial size of Colgate's Shaving Stick free.

COLGATE & COMPANY
(Dept. S.24)
46 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1

COLGATE'S HANDY GRIP The Refill Shaving Stick

E114



Overland British-built Model ALL-WEATHER 2-3 Seater, with double dickey.

380 Gns. (Deferred payments can be arranged)

With streamline English coachwork throughout, low, comfortable seating and ample leg room. The upholstery is in real leather and an Auster wind-screen and C.A.V. lamps are fitted.

The side curtains fit snugly all round giving complete protection.

The whole car completely equipped and fitted with the famous Fisk Tyres is priced at 380 Gns.

Early delivery may be had and definite dates obtained from any Overland Agent, no matter where you live.

ONCE AN Overland ALWAYS AN OVERLAND

THE CAR THAT KEEPS UPKEEP DOWN

1922 OVERLAND MODELS:

British Model Touring Car	395 Gns.
British Model 2-seater, with double dickey	380 Gns.
Three-quarter Landaulette	£545
Standard Model Touring Car	£295
Sedan	£475

All prices ex works.

Write for descriptive literature and name of nearest Agent.

WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY LTD.

British Factory and Sales Department. Heaton Chapel, Manchester.

Showrooms - 151-3, Great Portland Street, London, W.1

London Service Depot:
111, Lots Rd., Kings Rd., Chelsea, London, S.W.

Shakespeare Series: 169

"Safe mayst thou wander, safe return again!"
Cymbeline

Holiday Shoes for Men

ARE put to the proof in many strange paths and tested under trying circumstances. They have to pass muster for walking, fishing, golfing, and, it may be, mountaineering. To make sure of shoes which will be comfortable, easy, sole-worthy and wet-resisting, order now your requirements for the holiday, and specify particularly Lotus and Delta.

LOTUS
Men's Style
783
Willow Calf
Semi-Brogue
45/-

Lotus & Delta

Write for Folder, entitled "Lotus Shooting Boots" and address of nearest agent.

LOTUS LTD., Stafford

ATTRACTIVE "CREPE VELIA" LINGERIE SET

This charming Lingerie Set is made from "Crepe Velia," which is woven exclusively for Lingerie. This is an entirely new fabric, which is delightfully silky, fast in colour, and wears and washes extremely well.

NIGHTDRESS (as sketch), in good quality "Crepe Velia." An exact copy of a French model, entirely hand-made, square neck and kimono sleeves, daintily trimmed with ecru net and band veining, finished with embroidered spots. In Ivory, Sky, Mauve, Yellow, Ochre, Rose and Cinnamon.

PRICE **35/9**

Chemise to match ... **25/9**
Knickers to match ... **25/9**

In pure silk crepe de Chine, in Mauve, Sky, Yellow, Ivory, Pink and Champagne.

Nightdress **49/6**
Chemise to match ... **35/9**
Knickers to match ... **35/9**
Lace Boudoir Cap ... **21/9**

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAM, LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

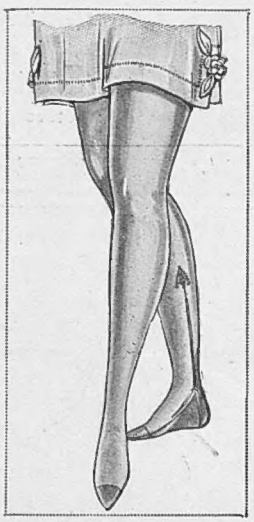
LADIES' HOSIERY
OF RELIABLE MAKE & QUALITY

Super quality Cashmere Hose, reinforced feet, very soft and durable, most suitable for early autumn wear, in Black, Champagne, Putty, Dove, Grey, and Nigger.
Price, per pair **5/6**

Mercerised Lisle Hose, reinforced feet, most durable in wear, and of a very silky appearance, in Putty, Covert Coating, Nigger, Tan, Brown, Grey, Silver, Nude, Black or White.
Price, per pair **5/6**

Milanese Silk Hose, double soles and heels (Kauser make). In Grey, Beige, Beaver, Tan, Brown, Pearl, Silver, Nude or Black. Price, per pair **12/11**

Wide-ribbed Silk and Wool Mixture Hose, Suitable for either town or country wear. Delightfully soft and perfect fitting. In Brown/White, Grey/White, or Nigger/White.
Price, per pair **15/11**



Special offer of pure Silk Hosiery, embroidered clox, reliable French make in 8½, 9, 9½ only in Tan, Mole, Brown, Grey, and various other shades.
Price, per pair **8/11**

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

INEXPENSIVE
WELL-TAILORED
SHIRTS
FOR HOLIDAY WEAR

WE have a large and varied stock of inexpensive and exclusive Tailored Shirts, all of which are made from really high-grade materials by our own skilled workers. The value of these Shirts is quite exceptional.

TAILORED BADMINTON SHIRT (as sketch), made in heavy crepe de Chine, the artistic collar is finished with bow of black ribbon cut on becoming lines. In Ivory, Champ, Navy, Lemon, Black, and Grey. Sizes 13 to 14½.

PRICE
29/6

Outsizes **2/-** extra.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE-STREET-AND-OXFORD-STREET
LONDON-W-1

Make beauty a duty!

BRISTOW'S

Georgian Soap

A Soap of Quality for Delicate Skins

Which beautifies the complexion, imparts a delicious sense of freshness and appeals to all appreciating

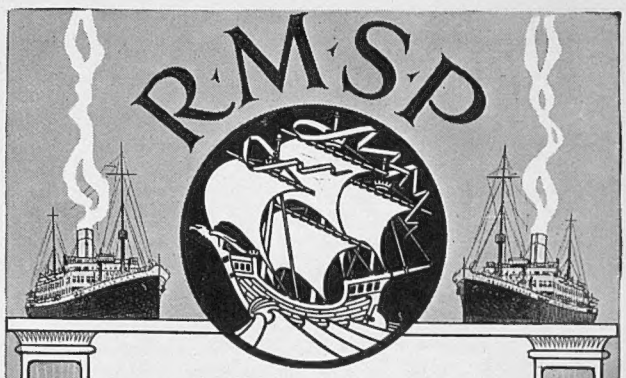
LUXURY WITH ECONOMY

Obtainable of all Chemists and Stores in two sizes—Bath or Toilet.

T. F. BRISTOW & CO. LTD.

Established 1777.

ST. JAMES' WALK, LONDON, E.C.1.



The "O" Steamers to NEW YORK

Everything that can be desired of comfort, luxury, cuisine, efficient service. The traveller's every taste and inclination studied—his confidence of satisfaction appreciated and justified. Your next passage across the Atlantic will satisfy your highest hopes if you go by an "O" Steamer.

Sailings from Southampton & Cherbourg:

VANDYCK. Aug. 22. OROPESA . Sept. 15
ORBITA . . Aug. 25. ORBITA . . Sept. 29
ORDUNA. . Sept. 1. ORDUNA . Oct. 6

Travel by "The Comfort Route"!

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET COMPANY
Atlantic House, Moorgate, E.C.2.
& America House, Cockspur Street, S.W.1

Also at MANCHESTER, BIRMINGHAM, GLASGOW, & SOUTHAMPTON.

America's Finest Tobacco

1/3½ per oz. Packet
2/7 2oz. Packet
5/2 ¼lb. Tin -

GOLD BLOCK
FINE VIRGINIA CUT PLUG

STOCKED BY ALL LEADING TOBACCONISTS AND STORES

G.B.15

Manufactured by The Imperial Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., under contract with Imperial Tobacco Company of Canada, Ltd., successors to D. Ritchie & Co., Montreal

THE GRAPHIC

The Issue of August 19 contains—

More Striking Exclusive Everest Pictures

Dickens's London Home
Described and Illustrated.

The State of St. Paul's
As Pictured by Geo. F. Morrell.

1/- THE GRAPHIC 1/-

GERBERA

A New and Fascinating Perfume

ALL the delights of the flowers you love are concentrated in this exquisite perfume.

Perfume - 8/- *per bottle*
Powder - 3/11 *per box*
Soap - - 2/3 *per tablet*

Of all Perfumers, Chemists, Drapers and Stores.

L·T·PIVER PARIS

CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Our Children's Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and has gained what we believe to be a well-deserved reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of its productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert and made on the premises by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

LITTLE BOY'S AFTERNOON SUIT (as sketch) the knickers in ivory Twill Suiting and Blouse in good quality ivory crepe de Chine.

	Price
Size for 2 years -	59/6
" " 3 " -	65/9
" " 4 " -	69/6

This model can be copied with black or coloured Velveteen knickers and ivory crepe de Chine Blouse from 39/6 for 2 years size.

Catalogue post free.

Debenham & Freebody (INCORPORATING LAWRENCE)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London.W.

Maison Georges
40. BUCKINGHAM PALACE RD. LONDON S.W.1
THE HOUSE WITH THE UNRIVALLED REPUTATION FOR EXCLUSIVE HAIR WORK PRODUCTIONS

Telegrams { "TOUPETCHIC," Sowest, London. Telephones { Victoria 5944. Victoria 2648.

La Naturelle
Transformation Ensures a Youthful Appearance.

TOUPET from 5 Guineas.
FULL TRANSFORMATION from 12 Guineas.

(*The "Times" system of Instalments is available.*)

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE DE LUXE, send for Appro. Selection, or call and interview MONS. GEORGES, the Pioneer of the Natural Parting, who has no Superior in the Art of Producing Natural Transformations.

INEXPENSIVE AND ATTRACTIVE
CAMI-KNICKERS

IN order to keep our workers fully employed during the month of August, we have designed and made in our own workrooms, from materials of our well-known quality, a large number of inexpensive Cami-Knickers suitable for Holiday wear, of which sketch is a typical example.

INEXPENSIVE CAMI-KNICKER in good quality crepe de Chine, daintily trimmed with hemstitching and embroidery, finished small tucks at waist. In Pink, Ivory, Flame, Sky, Mauve.

PRICE **29/6**

In good quality Japanese Silk,
PRICE **23/9**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

New Knitted
SPORTS COAT
for
Early Autumn.

Knitted Sports Coat (as sketch) made of soft fleecy Alpaca Yarn and real silk knitted together, giving the fashionable 2-tone effect. The facings are of soft fleecy Alpaca Yarn, a very smart and attractive coat.

PRICE
5 Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

FESTIVE GENT: "*I mush find a new tailor! Damme—he'sh got a button too many on one shide, an' a button hole too many on t' other!*"

Have you seen the "POW WOW"?

IF you have not yet had a copy send for one now. It is free. You will find it both amusing and instructive. It is an endeavour to get away from the stereotyped tailor's catalogue. "*Men's Wear*" say in their review of the "Pow Wow": "We have nothing but praise for the production considered from any point of view," and to give you some small idea of the vein in which it is written I give an extract from one of the pages.

He insisted on a cloth of large check pattern.

"Don't be like the man who descended upon me the other day. He was very portly. He was long in the body and short in the legs. He insisted on a cloth of large check pattern, and he *would* have the jacket of his suit an inch longer than I advised. The check, of course, accentuated his portliness, and the long jacket made his short legs look even shorter. You can picture it. In my mind's eye I can see the effect now, and I shudder when I remember the fact that Hector Powe will be judged on that suit by all that customer's friends and acquaintances. Such occasions are rare, of course; but when they do come about they remind me of another old saw. You've probably heard it—'The man who is his own lawyer has a fool for his client.' It might very well run: 'A man who is his own tailor, etc.'

Fortunately the 'H.P. Cut' has become so well known as the standard of style and the hall-mark of clothing *exactly in harmony with its wearer's characteristics* that the great majority of my customers are quite content to 'leave it to Hector Powe.'"

LOUNGE SUITS FROM 5 Guineas.

THE H.P. CUT

Regd. Trade Mark.

HECTOR POWE

CREATOR OF CLOTHES OF QUALITY.

6, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, AND BRANCHES.

THE H.P. CUT

Regd. Trade Mark.

Miss Annette Benson in her "L.B." Felt. *Photo by Arbuthnot.*

Model 721.

Made in various fittings, in White, Champagne, Putty and Pearl.

Indian or Colonial Soft Felt Hat, bound edge, silk lined throughout - - **39/6**

Write for Illus. Catalogue.

Lincoln Bennett

Agents throughout the Kingdom. Selection on approval from:

LINCOLN BENNETT & CO., LTD., 40, PICCADILLY, LONDON.

The sweet odour of Lavender

The delightful and refreshing odour of LAVENDER is especially welcome in Summer days. The old-world perfume is embodied enchantingly in

PRICE'S

Old English Lavender Soap

(as charming as the flower).

This pure toilet soap is attractively packed in neat wooden boxes containing six or twelve tablets. Miniature sample (visitor's size) 2d. post free. Send name of your Stores.

PRICE'S, BATTERSEA, S.W. 11

The Bystander, August 16, 1922 No. 976. Vol. LXXV.

The BYSTANDER

BY WILMOT LUNT

THE HOLIDAY TASK

Winston in his Irish stewdio

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. (Ger. 7540). TWICE DAILY AT 2.30 and 7.45.
WRANGEL V. WRANGEL, MADELINE COLLINS, BILLY DANVERS, TREVOR & HARRIS, CHORUS of THE BRITISH NATIONAL OPERA CO., Etc.

ADELPHI, (Ger. 2645). THE WAY OF AN EAGLE
"ANOTHER 'DELL' TRIUMPH"
Godfrey Tearle, Marjorie Gordon, Jessie Winter, Darby Foster.
EVERY EVENING at 8.30. MATINÉES TUES. & THURS. at 2.30.

DALY'S. (Ger. 201).
Evenings at 8.15. Mats., Thurs. & Sat. at 2.15.
THE LADY OF THE ROSE.!
Phyllis Dare, Huntley Wright, Ivy Tresmand, Alec Fraser.

DUKE OF YORK'S ('Phone Ger. 313.)
Every Evening at 8.30.
"THE BROKEN WING."
Matinées, Tuesday and Thursday at 2.30.

GLOBE. (Ger. 8722). Mgr. MARIE LÖHR. Evgs. 8.30.
Archie Naish and a piano, followed at 9 by
Irene Vanbrugh in "BELINDA."
Matinées, Wednesday and Thursday at 2.30.

LYRIC. Evgs. at 8.15. Mats., WED. & Sat. at 2.15.
"WHIRLED INTO HAPPINESS"
Billy Merson, Mai Bacon, Derek Oldham, Margaret Campbell.

ST. JAMES'S. Lessee & Manager, GILBERT MILLER.
Every Evening at 8.15. Mats., Wed. & Sat. at 2.30.
THE BAT.
By Mary Roberts Rinehart & Avery Hopwood.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES INCLUSIVE:

	United Kingdom	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
12 Months (including "Bystander Annual")	£3 3 0	£3 1 0	£3 7 6
6 Months	1 11 6	1 10 6	1 13 9
3 Months	0 15 9	0 15 3	0 17 0

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow: To any part of the United Kingdom 1½d. per copy, Canada, under 1½lb., 1½d. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH and STAMP correctly all Copies so forwarded.

THE FASHION FOR
FOX
FUR STOLES
AT SUMMER PRICES

There is a distinct fashion for whole skin animal shape Fox Ties. We anticipated this demand some time ago, and made an exceptional purchase of specially selected Hudson Bay White Fox skins. These skins have been dyed to the fashionable Slate and Celestial Grey shades, and will be offered for sale until the end of September at considerably below the prices ruling to-day.

HANDSOME CELESTIAL GREY DYED FOX ANIMAL FUR TIE (as sketch), worked from full silky skin.

PRICE **29 Gns.**

Also in natural White and Slate at the same price.

SCHOOL OUTFITS.
We have made a special study of School Outfits for Children and Young Ladies, and all orders are carried out by a well-equipped staff of assistants, who have a thorough and practical knowledge of School requirements.

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF, BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN, MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street London, S.W.1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C.3
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall St., London, E.C.3

THE CANCER HOSPITAL (Free).
FULHAM ROAD, LONDON S.W.3.
The only Special Hospital in London for the treatment of CANCER
Entirely supported by voluntary contributions.
DONATIONS, SUBSCRIPTIONS AND LEGACIES ARE EARNESTLY SOLICITED.
Bankers:—Messrs. COUTTS & Co., 440, Strand, W.C.
Secretary:—J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, C.B.E.

LIGHT-WEIGHT WATERPROOFS
for Holiday Travel and "all occasions."

The A.1. STORM-PROOF
(*Ladies and Gents*)
light in weight, easy to carry
Special Value
39/6
Belted 2/6

SILK WATERPROOF
(*Feather-weight*)
The most delightful real waterproof ever produced. Stylish Models in Coats and Cloaks
only **4 Gns.**

¶ ON APPROVAL.—Send height and bust measurement, together with remittance or London business reference. All moneys refunded in full immediately on receipt of any parcel returned. PATTERNS BY RETURN.

Estd. 1850
Elvery's Limited
Elephant House, 31, Conduit St., London, W.1.
(One door from New Bond Street).
And at Elephant House, Dublin and Cork.

ELVERY'S waterproofs have stood the test of years

Sandy Macdonald Scotch Whisky
A RARE EXAMPLE ... OF THE ... BLENDER'S ART
MACDONALD, GREENLEES & WILLIAMS (Distillers) Ltd., Leith, London and Aberdeen.

STRAKER-SQUIRE
The Famous 4 cyl. Model Perfected
Chassis Price £650 — 15-20 h.p. — Tax £20
STRAKER-SQUIRE LTD. EDMONTON, LONDON, N.18.

Heroes All

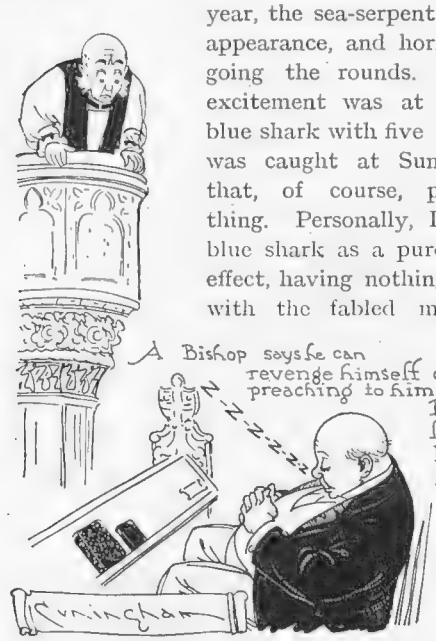
THE first word in this Special Bathing Number of THE BYSTANDER should, surely, be a tribute to those brave young people who face the wind and rain of an English summer in order to brighten up our illustrated papers. During the recent Bank Holiday there were heroes who picked their way carefully among the pebbles and plunged into a grey sea, while the camera man lurked in the lee of a friendly bathing machine with his collar turned up.

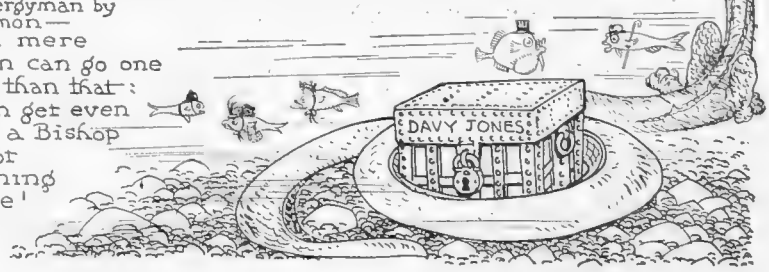
A Doubtful Boon

THE doctor who discovered that sea-bathing is good for us is one of those pioneers who conferred a doubtful boon upon posterity. He ranks with Christopher Columbus in this respect—but perhaps I shouldn't have said that. After all, you can buy THE BYSTANDER at the Biltmore, and so many New Yorkers are coming across to have a drink that I may get into trouble.

The Sea Serpent

VISITORS to the East Coast have got the wind up, and I gather that they have to be literally pushed into the water. As is usual at this time of year, the sea-serpent has made its appearance, and horrific tales are going the rounds. Just as the excitement was at its height, a blue shark with five rows of teeth was caught at Sunderland, and that, of course, proves everything. Personally, I look on the blue shark as a purely accidental effect, having nothing in common with the fabled monster which regularly provides credulous folk with reading matter at this season of the year.





Labour Logic

THE Labour Party seem determined to lose more money on their official daily paper, the latest demand from their ranks being that the *Daily Herald* should be edited by someone who has worked in a factory, mine, or workshop. Only a trained man may pull a nail out of a wall, but when it comes to editing, the successful applicant must have spent his time doing something entirely different :

> A man must serve, as Jacob served,
> To make a wooden chair,
> But carpenters run newspapers
> And never turn a hair !

Poor Old Peter !

GENERAL BOOTH brightened up August Bank Holiday by speaking his mind on the subject of smoking. In effect, General Booth says that people who smoke in this world will assuredly smoke in the next. He qualified this statement, however, by prophesying that there would be no smoking in Heaven, adding that "he did not know what Peter would say if anyone presented himself with a meerschaum." Contrariwise, what will Peter say if General Booth presents himself with a brass band ?

The Bishop's Revenge

WHILE on the subject of religion, the Bishop of St. Albans has been talking lightheartedly on what revenge a Bishop can

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (continued)

suitably take on one of his clergy who bowls him out in a cricket match. The Bishop threatened to preach for the delinquent, but the revenge was considered to be too severe. The clergy can always be wonderfully human when they are pulling each other's legs, but they somehow seem to mislay their sense of humour when they reach the pulpit.

A New Crime

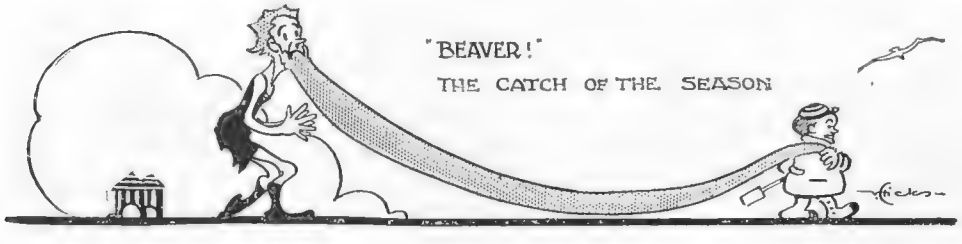
How much longer are we to see young girls trying to commit suicide by riding pillion-fashion on the back of motor-cycles? The insurance companies have taken the first step, and it seems not unlikely that legislation will follow. I would hate to be a spoil-sport, but I feel that in cases where a girl loses her life under these conditions her companion should be charged with manslaughter. Sorry, young 'uns, but I'm only speaking for your good!

Dangerous Pastimes

If it is really true that the game of "Beaver" is driving bearded men to the barbers we shall have to suppress it, as we do crown and anchor, farmer's glory, and other dangerous pastimes. Everybody knows that most of the famous men of the past owed their fame to their beards, and it will be a bad look-out for the present generation if we can't bequeath a few notabilities to posterity.

Beaver!

A friend of mine
(Full-bearded, as the pard)
Dislikes this beaver game—
In fact, he's most upset.
His lot, he says,
Has now become so hard,
He means to trim his beard
And be a beaverette.



Their Unhappy Lot

Civil Servants are up in arms because there is a suggestion that they should be asked to work nearly as long as a bank clerk. I'm afraid they can't argue that they are over-worked at present. So many Civil Servants are working overtime in other directions—as amateur critics, authors, artists, and so on—that the objection wouldn't hold water. If these Civil Servants are so tired when they get home let them first of all cease competing with the unfortunate professional classes who have to pay their salaries. Then we will shed a tear for their unhappy lot.

"LOAN" SOME By D. L. Ghilchik

Uncle Sam: "Hello, Fritz! What ye doing—swimmin', eh?"
Fritz: "No, Sam, mein vriend; I vas only trying to vloat alone!"

Let Us Tread Warily

While I am in sympathy with those out-of-work actors who protest against the wholesale importation of American companies, such as the darky beauty chorus in *Shuffle Along*, it must not be forgotten that hundreds of English performers are doing very nicely in the States. Indeed, an American manager says that 50 per cent. of the best turns in America are British. Let us tread warily lest we fall into the error that can be labelled egregious.

20,000 Night-Watchmen

Having read that we have paid out eighty-five millions in doles during the past two years, I was wondering how these dole-ful ones spent their spare time, when Fate led my wandering steps into Kennington Oval. Although it was a week day—as distinct from a Saturday—the terraces were packed with gentlemen in mufflers who obviously had no work and obviously didn't intend to look for it. On the subject of Fender's batting and Gentry's bowling these Surrey gentlemen-of-leisure waxed lyrical, but if you mentioned work they went quite grey about the gills. "What was *I* doing at the Oval?" you ask. Ha! ha! I'm a night-watchman! Happy thought. Perhaps the other 20,000 were night-watchmen, too.

By E. T. Reed

THE FLIPPANT MERMAID AND THE "FIRST SEA LORD"

1st Mermaid: "What on earth do *we* want with that absurd old bathing-man?"

2nd Mermaid: "My dear! you *really must be careful! That's Neptune!* and, I may tell you, he's been very touchy since the War"

Hidden Hand at Brighton

Brighton is very much in the limelight these days. I have known the Brighton Council for some years now, and although individuals may come and go, the traditions remain. Taken in the bulk they are a poor lot, and all this fuss about turning the Aquarium into a garage is typical of their way of doing things. Nobody in the town wants to ruin the Front, but for some inscrutable reason the Council are determined to do so. There is a lot of "hidden hand" about local politics—especially at Brighton.

Only a Little One

Take the Brighton gentleman who helped to kill Sunday games in the parks. He is reported to have bragged that he had two of the finest tennis courts in the town but that he did not play on Sunday. Splendid fellow! Possibly, he plays so much during the week that he is glad of a rest. But mark the sequel. Another Councillor, with inside knowledge, observed: "But you motor for pleasure on Sundays!" And the virtuous one had to admit that he did—though "not very often." Reminds one of the servant girl who admitted having a baby—but only a little one!

Photograph] "GO ON, PRINCE!" *[Topical*

Shouted by a boy behind the boards, it epitomised the great enthusiasm and interest displayed by the crowd watching H.R.H. and his brother, the Duke of York, playing against each other in the match between Templeton and the Quidnuncs. The Prince of Wales is seen securing the ball out of a mêlée, from which he afterwards scored for Templeton, who were beaten five goals to four. The two princes were staying with the Hon. F E. Guest at Bilton Park

Photograph *Central News*

LADY DIANA SOMERSET

The youngest daughter of the Duke of Beaufort, on Tara, which won for her a "third" in the open hunters class at the Beaufort Hunt Farmer's Club Show at Badminton

Who, When and Where

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Royal Holidays

THERE is nobody who has earned their holiday more completely than the King and Queen. Since Princess Mary's marriage in February they have had a practically unbroken succession of engagements and duties of representation. What those duties mean, apart from all the heavy labour of State affairs, nobody outside the immediate *entourage* can realise. And both the King and Queen must have had a profound sense of relief when they started off, the King to celebrate "Saint Grouse's Day" at Bolton Abbey and the Queen for the quiet and rest of Westonbirt—preludes to the autumn rest at Balmoral.

Photograph *Central News*

THE MARQUESS OF WORCESTER

With Lieut.-Colonel R. T. Miller's horse, Ronald, at the Duke's show last week. The Marquess is the only son of the Duke of Beaufort, and is a lieutenant in the Royal Horse Guards

There is scarcely a house in England so well known by name as Bolton Abbey, and that because of the steel engraving after Landseer's picture, "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time," which used to hang in every dining-room in our childhood. Later on it was weeded out to the smoking-room: from there it went into an upper corridor or the servants' hall. Now, you only see it in seaside lodgings or remote farmhouses. Of course, we all turn up our noses now at the old engraving—it generally had a maplewood frame—with its heavily paunched monk and its lackadaisical deer, and equally lackadaisical young man and woman, but it meant a world of romance to children of fifty years ago.

The Bolton Abbey of to-day is in no wise romantic. It is just a comfortable, plain house, distinctly on the small side, which would rarely be visited by its owner if the moors round it did not give the best grouse-shooting south of the Tweed.

It has now become practically a fixed rule for the King to begin the shooting season there as the guest of the Duke of Devonshire on his way to

Balmoral. Unlike his father, the King does not often pay shooting visits, principally because he has not the same leisure, and also because, being a very keen shot, His Majesty does not care about driven birds and the *battues*, which were such a feature of shoots in former days.

Bolton Abbey is only twenty-two miles from Leeds, and, therefore, not far from Harewood, where Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles are spending the first part of their holiday before they go North. If rumour speaks truly—and I think in this case it does—the King's consent to the marriage of his daughter was given last year at Bolton Abbey, when Lord Lascelles was one of the guests.

The Queen's Host

At Westonbirt the Queen was in surroundings which have a special appeal to Her Majesty—treasures of

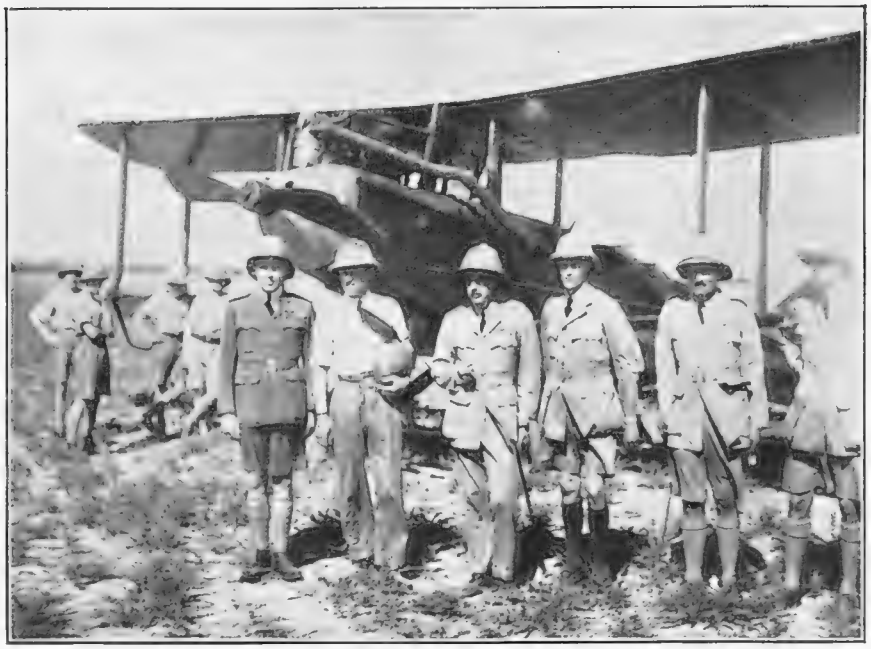
MISS GWYNEDD RAWLE

Whose engagement to Mr. G. F. Rogers, a nephew of Viscountess Mersey, and the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Rogers, of Grove Park, Liverpool, has been announced. The bride-to-be is a daughter of Capt. A. W. Rawle, the wedding taking place in September at West Wickham

art, beautiful furniture, and rare books. There was a time when her host, Sir George Holford, was a romantic figure in Society. A young Guardsman, he inherited from his uncle—a famous connoisseur and collector of his time—the great house at Westonbirt and princely Dorchester House, in Park Lane. He was Equerry to the Duke of Clarence, very much *au mieux* at Court, and one of the most eligible of *partis*. But matrimony seemed to have no charm for this handsome, rich young Guardsman, and he was fifty-two when, twelve years ago, he married Mrs. Menzies, the widowed daughter of the late Arthur Wilson, the owner of the once-famous Tranby Croft, the scene of the unhappy baccarat scandal.

The Princes

Meanwhile the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York have been having a strenuous polo week at Bilton, where they have been the guests of the Hon. F. E. Guest,



Photograph *Central News*

THE WORLD FLYERS AT BAGHDAD

Major Blake, who is attempting a flight round the world from England, has just arrived, after sundry accidents and mishaps, at Baghdad. Squadron-Leader Collishaw, D.S.O., M.C., Captain McMillan, Group-Captain Borton, C.M.G., D.S.O., Major Blake, Wing-Commander McNeese and Squadron-Leader Gould at Baghdad

The Newest Sea-Nymph

Dear me, how the world changes! There was a time—and not so very long ago—when Trouville was the height of fashion, and when ladies

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

PRINCESS MARY'S HOSTESS IN SCOTLAND

Lady Elphinstone, who was Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles' hostess last week, when, as Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots, she unveiled a memorial tablet to men of the regiment killed in the War. Carberry Towers, where she stayed, is at Musselburgh. Lady Elphinstone is the eldest daughter of Lord and Lady Strathmore, and a sister of Lady Elizabeth Bowes-Lyon, who was a bridesmaid at Princess Mary's wedding

who were charming and not all that they might be, and ladies who were charming and all that they should be, outbid each other in gorgeous toilettes, and for absurd little *bicoques* at the most extravagant rentals.

Now, Trouville is likened to Southend. Deauville has lured all *ces dames* plus the *haute volié* of Paris and London, and if you can't get a bed in a cupboard at Deauville and are forced to sleep at Trouville—which almost touches—you give your address as "near Deauville."

The heavens having opened and rain having descended in tons to the square mile, bathing has not, so far, been the great occupation of the day,

SMILES

Lady Mackintosh, with her little son, John, in the garden of Sir Harold Mackintosh's lovely house. Both are intimately concerned with social and philanthropic work around Halifax

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

AN AUGUST BRIDE

Miss Joan Meredith Sturgis, a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sturgis, of 2, Chester Street, S.W., and a granddaughter of the late Mr. George Meredith, O.M., the famous novelist, whose marriage to Mr. Malcolm H. Aird, eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm Aird, of Woolton House, Newbury, takes place on Thursday, the 17th, at St. Margaret's, Westminster

but when the sun has deigned to shine a friend tells me that the *plage* at Deauville has presented the oddest appearance. "Half the women," she writes, "look as if they had stripped their drawing-room chairs of their chintz covers and made them into bathing-dresses. The effect is rarely happy. Some of the plumper women look like baby sofas. It is the *dernier cri*, but some of the large-patterned chintzes have the weirdest effect, even on slim figures. As for the unslim—well, they act as a sort of multiplication table. It is quite odd the *breadth* a very large full-blown rose can give to the female form when that form is enclosed in chintz, and when you have one rose to each leg—well, I leave the result to the eye of your imagination."

Vive la Politesse!

In St. James's Street there is an ancient and most exclusive club—wild horses and red-hot darning-needles wouldn't extract the name from me. On the ground floor of this club there is a large smoking-room. A few mornings ago it had two occupants—two oases of men in a Sahara of chairs and tables. One of these men was writing near a window; the other was reading a newspaper in a chair close to the fireplace, remote and very afar off.

The man near the window lighted a taper on the writing-table, hesitated for a moment, and then, turning to his distant neighbour, said:

"I trust, sir, you don't object to the smell of sealing-wax?"

Dancing and Dining

We have heard a great deal about the fun of dinner-dances this season at the restaurants, and most of us have seen with our own eyes young men and maidens dashing off to do a fox-trot or a one-step between the courses—a most uncomfortable and jiggley way of dining that the ingenuity or perversity of man, or woman, has ever invented.

A cynical old friend of mine, a *gourmet* of the first order and one of the earliest amongst us to discover the genius of Escoffier, has a theory of his own about these "dinner-dances."

Photograph *Sport and General*

ON THE NORTH BERWICK LINKS

Lady Dorothy Peploe walking on this famous Scottish course, where she and her husband, Capt. Daniel Spencer Peploe, of the 20th Hussars, have migrated for August. She is the only daughter of the Earl of Darnley

"It began with the South African and American millionaires," he said. "Their money thrust them into Society. But, of course, they had nothing to talk about. They understood the art of spending money, but the art of conversation was a closed book to them. So orchestras were introduced into the fashionable restaurants in order to fill up the ugly pauses in conversation. The younger generation have still so much less to talk about that an orchestra is not enough to fill in the times between the courses, so they go and dance. If this craze continues we shall not have a good cook left. Imagine the feelings of a *chef* who has put all his talent into a *sole à la Dieppoise* when he sees it gobbled down, or left scarcely tasted, at the thrumming of a fox-trot from an adjacent room, or his *poulet à la Marengo* dried up and ruined because diners have danced too long between the courses. The knowledge of good food, the appreciation of good cooking comes only when you are young. Our young people are literally dancing upon the aspirations and the *chefs d'œuvre* of our best cooks. In a very near future the restaurants where they dance between courses will look in vain for masters in the art of cooking. There is nothing more heart-breaking to a cook who knows his business than to cook in vain."

"T'other One"

Here is a pleasing little tale for you. A rising young man in one of our departments of State has been in the company this season of a charming widow and her equally charming daughter. They were all three drenched together at Ascot and at Lord's: he has been constantly at their house, and there has been scarcely a Saturday when they have not been his guests at Ranelagh or Hurlingham.

A few days ago the young man announced his engagement to his chief.

"My dear boy, I'm delighted!" said the august person. "We've all been expecting it; everybody saw how the wind was blowing. You're a lucky fellow. She's charming. I've known her since she was a baby. Her father was a school-friend of mine."

"But—but that's scarcely possible, sir," stammered the young man.

"Bless my soul, why not?" replied his chief, sharply. "Miss ——— and my eldest girl are nearly the same age."

"But I'm engaged to Miss ———'s mother," said the young man. And so he is, to the wonder of a large number of people.

AT DEAUVILLE

Mrs. H. H. Harjès, with her two sons, on the steps of their villa at Deauville. Colonel Harjès, who is a partner in the great banking firm of Morgan, Harjès and Grenfell, is a familiar figure on the polo field at Deauville

The Discourse of a Royal Duke

You do not often hear of royal dukes opening a course of summer lectures at a University, but the Duke of Aosta, the King of Italy's cousin, did so at Cambridge with an address on "The Italian as Soldier." And a stirring address it was. For some reason which I have never been able to understand Italy did not receive from English opinion her just recognition for the part she played in the War. The Duke spoke of this at the opening of his address, and reminded his hearers that Italy had given 600,000 of her youth, and had over a million wounded as the result of her struggle. He spoke with strong feeling of Italian bravery and sacrifice during the War, a matter on which he has every authority to speak, since he commanded the Third Army, which bore the brunt of the terrible days on the Carso and Piave.

Photograph *Alfieri*

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL

The Colonial Secretary returning from a morning swim at Deauville. Reparation wrangles, however, brought him back from this butterfly plage to drear Downing Street last week

Photograph *Alfieri*

AT THE DEAUVILLE RACES

Lady Idina Gordon, Countess Montgomery, Countess de la Maza, and the Marquis San Miguel at Deauville's first meeting last week. Lady Idina Gordon is a sister of the present Earl de la Warr, and married Captain Charles Gordon in 1919

GOSSIP *from* DEAUVILLE

The *Plage Fleurie* is flowering again, and Deauville is once more the week-end habit of the Parisian and the American within his gates. The strings of Rolls-Royces outside the Casino on Saturday and Sunday afternoons are positively overpowering. They seem almost too magnificent to be true. Not to own one is almost to be not of the movement in Deauville. It takes the courage of a Baron de Rothschild to flaunt the only Ford the place possesses.

On the journey down, through the smiling orchards of Normandy and the golden, poppy-starred cornfields, one seems to be entering a land of peace and innocence. The peasants look so guileless as they toil in the fields. But when one encounters them in Deauville it soon becomes apparent that when it is a question of plucking the English or American goose, what the astute Norman does not know about the benefits accruing to these by the exchange is really not worth knowing. Betray an Anglo-Saxon accent and prices go flying up with a nerve-wracking rapidity. The Deauvillois has his *amour propre*, and it would hurt his pride if it were not recognised that Deauville is the most expensive resort in Europe

PRINCESS CHRISTOPHER OF GREECE

Formerly Mrs. W. B. Leeds, the American millionairess, with a friend on the plage at Deauville watching the bathers

Deauville has its royalties, too, this season. An added distinction. Prince and Princess Christopher of Greece are installed in the magnificent villa of the Baroness Henri de Rothschild, with various Greek royalties and distinguished Americans as their guests.

There is sadness in the dancing world, for Maurice, the famous partner of lovely Leonora Hughes who was delighting us all at the opening of the season, is seriously ill with lung trouble, and though now, happily, pronounced to be out of danger, will be obliged to take a prolonged rest cure in the mountains of Switzerland as soon as he is well enough to be moved, and will not be seen dancing again for another six months.

MARJORIE Moss, too, who with Georges Fontana, has delighted London and Cannes, was to have been with us, and now she, too, is ill, and obliged to forsake the floor. Let us hope that she will be strong enough to let us all enjoy her dainty dancing when winter comes again.

SO the attraction this year is the famous Dolly Sisters, who are dancing at the Casino all through August, in a succession of wonderful dresses designed by Edward Molyneux, that clever young Englishman who has made the Rue de la Paix stand to attention and look to its laurels. This is the first time the famous sisters have appeared together in France, though Jenny Dolly has been attracting crowds at Les Acacias in Paris all through the summer.

Photograph *Farringdon Photo Co.*

THE GOULD ROMANCE

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Gould, of New Jersey (Mrs. Gould was formerly Miss Vera Sinclair, the actress), at Deauville before they left for Castle Grant, a beautiful spot near Grantown, Inverness-shire, which Mr. Gould has rented for the shooting from the Countess of Seafield—or, rather, her guardian, for she does not inherit until she is thirty-five, and at the moment she is but sixteen

DEAUVILLE has already had its first sensation in the marriage of young Baron Robin d'Erlanger and Mrs. Peter Cooper Hewitt, the wealthy American widow. They were both daily at the tables, being gamblers of the most ardent, and then suddenly they ran up

Photograph *Central News*

LORD AND LADY WODEHOUSE

About to take their morning appetiser in the form of a hard gallop. Lord Wodehouse has been playing a great deal of polo at Deauville

to Paris one day, got married, and came back to the Normandy Hotel, *and* to the tables, and now spend their time running the gauntlet of the enthusiastic local photographers who dearly love a honeymoon couple. History does not relate if the young Baron is as lucky at cards as he is in love.

Photograph *Alfieri*

AT THE FAVOURITE FRENCH RESORT

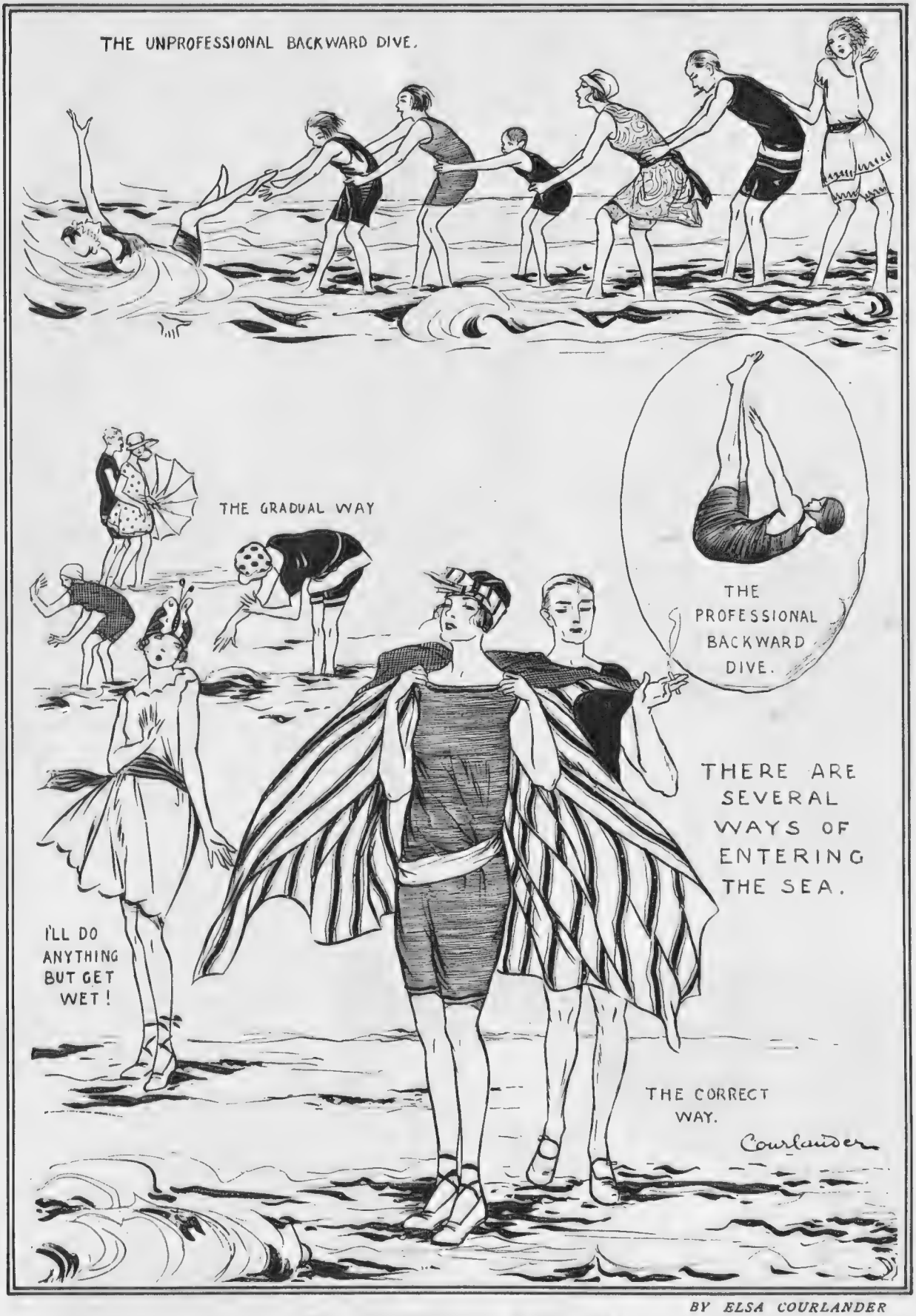
Lord Carnarvon and his daughter, Lady Evelyn Herbert, chatting to a friend at the Deauville Races last week, where society has flocked en masse for the gaieties of this brief season

A GREAT many of the villas are let, in spite of soaring rents. General Charles E. Sherrill, Adjutant-General of New York City, has taken one and is doing Deauville thoroughly. The Hon. Reginald and Mrs. Fellowes are here in another, and Lady Stuart of Wortley has taken a third. Of course, we all hope that Lord Derby, that most popular Britisher in France, will be here for the races, and that his stables will be represented. Earl Fitzwilliam's yacht is already in the harbour, as well as Sir Herbert Samuelson's Verona, and Mr. Walter Guinness's Fantome, which had a rather hostile reception from some French Socialists, who resented this display of wealth.

THE Potinière is crowded in the mornings to such an extent that they rope off the road, and the cars have to pass behind the Casino. All the Americans who have come over to escape Prohibition congregate there to sip the native cocktail and eat the little brown shrimps that the old red-shirted fishermen paddle out to catch, while the last gamblers are still sitting round the green tables. And the whole world and his wife seems to pass by. It is impossible to sit at the Potinière without seeing at least half a dozen celebrities in as many minutes. Vera Sergine, who has been attracting enormous audiences in *La Femme Masquée*, comes for the week-end, the Duc De Cazes, one of the most popular racehorse owners in France, Elinor Glyn down for a flying visit from Paris, General Sir Charles Sackville West, military attaché to the British Embassy in Paris, Harry Pilcer, the Marquis Murietta, besides all the dressmakers and their *mannequins*, and most of the shoemakers from Paris. And in the midst of this gaily-dressed crowd comes a simple nun in brown woollen gown to collect for *les orphélines de la guerre*. A strange contrast to this pleasure-seeking world. But Deauville abounds in strange contrasts, and the little nun reaps a goodly harvest, for the gambler is nothing if not generous, and besides, who knows? Perhaps the gift will bring good luck.

PETETTE

There Are Several Ways—



BY ELSA COURLANDER

—OF ENTERING THE SEA

The Ideal Bathing-Place

BY W. HODGSON BURNET

I KNOW a lovely bathing-place
Far from the madding crowd,
Where ordinary trippers don't
Intrude, they're not allowed.

In fact, if any strangers came,
I'd have the right to say
"This bathing-place is private, please,
So kindly go away!"

There aren't any pebbles there
To irritate one's feet,
Undressing's quite a luxury,
For there's a comfy seat.

My clothes are safe as houses when
I'm in the water, and
There's a place to put the towel where
It can't get full of sand.

Such pests as crabs and jellyfish,
With which some coasts abound,
In my secluded bathing place
Are never to be found.

The spot is such a sheltered one
That even when there's snow
Upon the ground my daily dip
I never need forego.

Another pull the place has is,
As no one can intrude,
One doesn't need a costume so
I bathe entirely nude.

The water, too, is always right,
Neither too cold nor hot,
What's that you say? You'd like to know
Where is this perfect spot?

Tell you? Of course I will, old chap,
I don't mind telling *that!*
The place I mean is here in Town—
The bathroom in my flat!

By Arthur Ferrier

"OVER"-TAKEN

A Losing Stake

BY E. L. ROBERTS

["*When a girl can wolf a juicy steak she isn't worried over love affairs.*"—DAILY PAPER.]

LUCINDA was sprightly,
A damsel of dash,
Endowed with a face not unsightly,
And cash!

So craftily casting
The toils, with address
I wooed her—without any lasting
Success.

But snubs do not rattle
A resolute swain,
They merely incite him to battle
Again.

So when, without warning,
(All hope was remote!)
Lucinda sent over one morning
A note!

"Please come in for dinner!"
I rallied *en masse*,
Remarking: "My boy, you're a winner!"—
Alas!

Fond hope was re-buried,
My gloom grew opaque,
As soon as I saw how she worried
Her steak!

WITH WHAT IN-TENT?

By Victor Hicks

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

JANE CLEGG

AT THE NEW THEATRE

BY "JINGLE"

ILLUSTRATED BY MACMICHAEL

MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE has inaugurated her season of management with every prospect of success, both material and artistic. The main play of the evening is preceded by a one-act comedy, *Rounding the Triangle*, which has already been seen at the "Grand Guignol." Both plays appear to have been designed to put man down from his pedestal of superiority, and to remind him with some emphasis that he is a long way from being as good as he should be. The first play is a sermon on irregular relationships. The Man is about to break away from his Mistress so that he may marry his Betrothed and forget the past. But the Mistress proves to be a clinger, and the Man cannot find it in his heart to put her away.

FINALLY, rather than lose her, he decides that he will jilt his Betrothed. Then the Betrothed comes bustling on the scene and hears that her engagement is to be broken off. She receives the dismal news without hysterics, or, indeed, emotion of any kind. Instead, she calmly reasons the problem out with the Man and his Mistress, and proves to her own satisfaction at least that as the Man is born to infidelity as the sparks fly upward, he needs a strong-minded woman like herself to look after him. The plain truth is never very palatable; but Miss Sybil Thorndike's agreeably dominating personality softens the blow materially, and gives the sermon a charm it might not otherwise possess.

FROM the sermon we proceed, in the following play, to the Awful Example. Jane Clegg is the wife of an unstable and inconsequential commercial traveller, whose life seems to be spent in deceiving his wife, and in lying clumsily to her about his misdeeds. The household consists also of two children, and Henry Clegg's aged mother, who every now and again rears up like an old hen to defend her only chick from all his adversaries. We now come to the incident of the cheque. Henry Clegg has done some business for his firm, and the customer, by an oversight, sends him direct a cheque for about a hundred and forty pounds made out to himself personally. But as Mrs. Clegg, senr., remarks, that will be all right. It isn't as if Henry was a dishonest man. He will, of course, pay the cheque to the firm in the morning, and the incident will be closed. Then Henry's troubles begin to increase and multiply.

LATE at night a noisy bookmaker calls and demands the settlement of a debt of honour of £25.

THE CHILDREN SYLVIA HAIDÉE AND SIDNEY RUDSTON

CLARE GREET AS MRS CLEGG

Henry helplessly protests that he has not got the money. Besides, a lady friend of his (unofficial) has notified to him that he is the father of her unborn child, and he has got to make some provision for the poor dear somehow. Jane Clegg, his wife, has had seven hundred pounds left her by an uncle, and Henry is very bitter against her because she shows such an unseemly reluctance to finance him in his irregular adventures.

ONE evening, three days later, Mrs. Clegg and her mother-in-law receive a surprise visit from a Mr. Morrison, the cashier at Henry's office. He says that one of their customers paid a cheque to Henry by mistake, and as Henry has not been at the office all day the firm are beginning to feel justifiably curious on the subject of their money. Just then Henry comes home, explaining his lateness by telling his wife casually that he has—been detained at the office. Never did that rare and ripe excuse crash to earth so swiftly or so completely.

HENRY endeavours to cover his tracks by a whole series of clumsy falsehoods, while his hard-mouthed wife intervenes every now and again with a question which she knows will take him deeper into the mire. But what matters most at the moment is the cheque. This family bickering is not Mr. Morrison's concern at all. Let him have the cheque and he will gladly take his leave. Henry explains that he cannot hand over the cheque because it is in his bag at the office. Mrs. Clegg intervenes icily with the comment that Henry did not take his bag to the office that morning. It is in his room upstairs.

LESLIE FABER AS HENRY CLEGG

IN that case Henry explains the cheque must be upstairs, but he has come home tired and hungry, and will bring it to the office in the morning. But both Mrs. Clegg and Mr. Morrison continue to harass Henry about the cheque, so much that his old mother interferes quite indignantly. Fancy them worrying Henry about a mere cheque when he has come home so tired and hungry, poor dear. Driven finally into a corner, Henry admits that the cheque is no longer in his hands. He has cashed it.

MR. MORRISON then gets eloquent on the subject of police prosecution, and even talks of getting a warrant for Henry's arrest that very night. I am not myself a lawyer (the mercy of Heaven is boundless !), but I find it difficult to see how you can claim to be able to arrest in a hurry a man who has, after all, only cashed a cheque made payable to himself. We know, incidentally, that the money ought to have been handed over to the firm directly Henry received it, but also we have it on very high legal authority that what the soldier said is not evidence.

RESPONDING to her husband's appeal, Jane Clegg pays the amount due to the firm out of her legacy money. That item being disposed of, she next deals with the noisy bookmaker, who has blurted out something about Henry's

" fancy lady." Jane Clegg will pay the fellow on condition that he tells all he knows about this person. And then, being left alone with her wretched husband, Jane Clegg sums up the position with the deadly precision of the counsel for the prosecution, remaining all the time preternaturally calm and unemotional. Henry stole this money to enable him to take passages to Canada for himself and his " fancy woman." He may, indeed, have bought the tickets already. Henry blandly admits that that is the case. He asserts, however, that he is not a bad sort of chap, and he recognises that he is committing a sin. Religion tells him that. If he had not been a religious man he would not have known he was doing wrong. I cannot tell what the severely orthodox will think of such views, but I at least found them extremely original.

THEN Henry sits down and discusses with his wife the future of himself and his " fancy lady " in their new home. Jane Clegg appears to be quite interested, noting everyone of his replies to her questions with a grim despair that seems too proud for tears. Henry seems quite to expect Jane to take this interest in him and his irregular attachment, and he is obviously pained when she suddenly tells him to clear out of the house and crawl round to his " fancy lady's " kennel. I suppose it is possible that such men as Henry Clegg do exist; if not, it would seem to be rather a sin to have invented the type. Mr. Leslie Faber plays the fellow with marvellous thoroughness. Even when he is not speaking he indicates by little touches here and there the character of a weak-minded degenerate. Miss Thorndike makes of Jane Clegg a powerful study. It is the less prominent part of the two as regards its share of the dialogue; but even Miss Thorndike's silences are pointed and eloquent. Miss Clare Greet as Henry's old-fashioned mother supplies both the humour and the pathos, and there are two clever children who amuse by their rare precocity. Miss Thorndike has given the London stage the lift-up it so badly needed. JINGLE

LEWIS CASSON AS MR MORRISON

SYBIL THORNDIKE AS JANE CLEGG

LESLIE FABER AS HENRY CLEGG

NOTHING IN IT

By A. THOMSON.

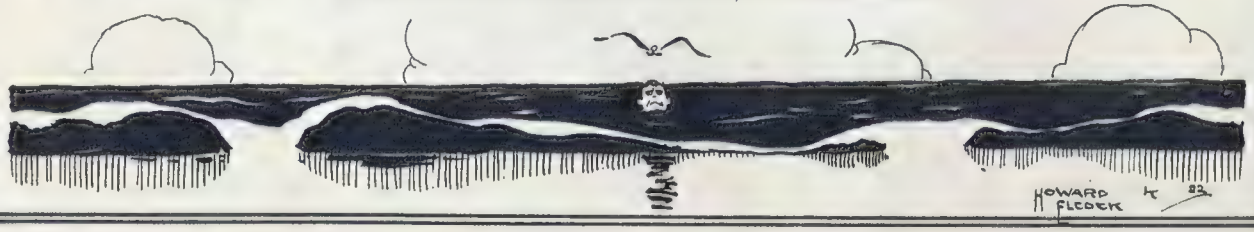
I am a disappointed man.

This morn I sought a bathing-van,
Looking for those amusing things
Which bathing in the ocean brings—
Those jocund jests, those funny capers,
Portrayed in all the comic papers.

I am a disappointed cove;
Although I sought for treasure-trove,
I saw no serpent, fierce and big;
I saw no uncle lose his wig;
No puritanic councillor
With telescope surveyed the shore;
No millionaire, despite my wish,
Was bitten by a jelly-fish.

A disappointed chap am I,
A screen-star I did not descry
Gallantly rescued from the deep
By a white man—the local sweep;
And finally (my hopes to dish up)
I saw no absent-minded bishop,
Of studious and earnest bent,
Mistake the number of his tent.

I am a disappointed bloke;
In vain I searched for quip or joke,
For if the simple truth be told,
The sea was very wet and cold.
I've said it and I'll say it yet;
The sea was very cold and wet,
For there was nothing in the sea,
Excepting . . . . well, excepting me.



Can Any Reader Help Him Out?

(Else he's likely to remain there until our next issue)

BY GRAHAM SIMMONS

Having just decided to come out and get dressed, he finds the local Young Ladies' Social Circle have come to picnic in his little cove

BR

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

REAKERS

TAKING THE CHAP FROM CHAPERON

BY NORMAN KEENE

NEW SERIAL: A Parody of "If Winter Comes." *Third Instalment.*

IF SUMMER DON'T

by Darry Pain

Illustrated by Oswald Cuningham.

"Hold your jaw. Three more cutlets. I'm a genius...potatoes....."

In the hall was heard the voice of Mr. Doom Dagshaw, the proprietor of the Mammoth Circus at the Garden Settlement.

"Lunch ready? So it ought to be. Don't announce me. Waste of time. I know my way about in this house."

He entered. He was a young man of sulky, somewhat dictatorial expression. His dress had something of the clerical appearance, an effect at which he distinctly aimed.

"Hallo," he said, and sat down on the table and yawned. Then he caught sight of Luke.

"You here!" he said. "What for?"

"Just a little holiday," said Luke, nervously, "a little treat for me. You don't mind?"

Doom Dagshaw did not answer him, but turned to Mabel.

"Lunch is ready," he said, "let's get on to it."

They passed into the dining-room. Luke, observing salmon at one end of the table, and cutlets at the other, asked with a smile if those two sentences generally ran concurrently.

"Oh, hold your jaw," said Dagshaw.

"That's the way to talk to him," said Mabel, approvingly.

"Yours, too," Dagshaw added, turning to Mabel. "I'll do any talking that has to be done. I'm here to talk about my circus. Yes, and to eat ham. Isn't any? Ought to be. Give me three of those cutlets. You don't realise what a circus is, you people. It's a church. It's a cathedral. It's more."

"I hope," said Luke, "that it's getting on nicely, and will be a great success."

"Bound to be. Can't help it. When I bought the land from the Garden Settlement Syndicate I made it a condition that there should be a clause in every lease granted that a year's season-ticket should be taken for the Mammoth Circus."

"I don't quite see," said Mabel, "how it's like a church."

"The circus has a ring. The ring is a circle. The circle is the symbol of eternity. Will anybody be able to see my highly trained chimpanzee in the trapeze act without realising as he has never realised before the meaning of the word uplift? Think of the stars in their programme. And by what strenuous discipline and self-denial they have reached their high position."

"*Per ardua ad astra*," quoted Luke.

"Hold your jaw. Three more cutlets. Think of the clowns. They tumble over, they fall from horses, they fail to jump through the rings. They are lashed by the whip of the ring-master. What a lesson in reverence is here. People who jeer, people who make fun, people who parody great works of fiction always and invariably come to a bad end. It will be not only a mammoth circus, but a moral circus. It will be the greatest ethical institution in this part of the world. Its work will be more subtle than that of any other. Its appeal will be to the unconscious rather than to the conscious mind. Freud never thought of that. I did it myself. I am a genius. Potatoes."

After lunch it was suggested that Mr. Doom Dagshaw should take Mabel up to the Garden Settlement to see the progress that was being made in the building of the Mammoth Circus.

"You won't care to come," said Mabel to her husband. And it seemed less like a question than a command.

"No, not in my line," said Luke, still doing his best. "Hope you'll enjoy yourselves."

When they had gone, Luke retired to his study-bedroom. There was a tap at the door. It was Dot who entered.

"She's out," said Dot. "Boats?"

"Right-o. Gorgeous," said Luke.

. . . . . .

Normally dinner was at half-past seven. But Mabel did not get back till a quarter to eight. It was eight o'clock before they began. Mabel offered no explanation beyond saying that there really had been a great deal of architectural detail to examine. Luke had prepared a series of six pleasant and gratifying things to say about Mr. Doom Dagshaw and the Mammoth Circus. He found himself absolutely unable to say any of them. He could say other things. He could say, "Windmill, watermill" ten times over, very quickly, without a mistake. But somehow he could not say Mammoth Circus.

Well, at any rate he might be

bright and amusing. At this time it was customary—perhaps too customary—to ask if you had read a certain book by a certain author, the name of the author being artfully arranged so as to throw some light on the title of the book. Luke remembered three of these which had been told him at the office. Unfortunately, they were all of them far too improper for general use.

So he just said any bright thing that came into his mind. Mabel looked very tired. She admitted she was tired. She said she had walked about a thousand miles.

"And then I come back to this kind of thing," she said.

The rest of the dinner, which was brief, passed in complete silence. Then Mabel went into the drawing-room, and Luke remained behind and lit a cigarette.

"This will never do," he said to himself. "I must keep it up. I must be pleasant. I must say number one of those six sentences about Doom Dagshaw and the Mammoth Circus, even if it splits my palate and my tongue drops out."

"Has that dirty dog given you a partnership yet?" asked Lady Tyburn

He threw down his cigarette, walked firmly into the drawing-room, and closed the door. "Mabel," he said, "I hope you enjoyed your visit to the Doom Circus with Mr. Mammoth Dagshaw."

Mabel looked up coldly from the book she was reading.

"Back again already?" she said. "Well, what was it you were saying?"

"I was saying," said Luke, gaily, "that I hoped you enjoyed your visit to the Mammoth Circus with Mr. Dag Moomshaw."

"Port never did agree with you," said Mabel. "You shouldn't take it." She resumed her book.

Luke tried the second of the pleasant sentences.

"Dagshaw always seems to me to be one of those masterful men who sooner or later——"

He ducked his head just in time, and the book which Mabel had thrown knocked over the vase of flowers behind him.

"If you can't let me read in peace," she said, "at any rate you shan't sneer at my friends. You're always doing it, and everybody notices it. I simply can't understand you. You're like nothing on earth. What have you done with that love-letter of yours?"

"Oh, come," he said, "I've had no love-letter."

"You silly liar, I mean the letter from your Lady Tyburn. Have you been kissing it?"

"Really, Mabel, this is absurd. I might as well ask you if you have been kissing the Mammoth Circus."

"I'm going to bed," said Mabel, abruptly. "I'm absolutely fed-up with you. I hate you. And I despise you."

She went out and slammed the door violently. Four more vases went over, and three pictures fell.

Luke went over to the open window and looked out into the cool night. At the house opposite a girl was singing very beautifully "The End of a Perfect Day."

CHAPTER V

As he sat in his office on the following Thursday morning the whistle of the speaking-tube sounded shrilly and interrupted him in the act of composition. He went angrily to the tube.

"What do you want to interrupt me for?" he called, "when you know I'm busy? What the devil do you want, anyway?"

"I want you, Lukie," said a gentle voice in reply.

"Come up at once," he said. "Awfully sorry. Frightfully glad you've come. If there's a chance of making a mistake within a hundred miles of me, I seldom miss it."

Lady Tyburn came radiantly into the room, drawing off her gloves.

"Nasty shock for you, isn't it?" she said. She held out both her hands to him. "Will you . . . will you help yourself?"

"Thanks," he said, as he clasped them warmly, "I will have some of each."

After a minute or two she withdrew her hands, and sat down.

"Has that dirty dog given you a partnership yet?" she asked.

"Diggle? Not yet. I ask him from time to time. He always seems too busy to talk about it at any length. It's wonderful to see you here, Jona."

"You got my letter?"

"I did. In fact, there was some considerable beano about it at home. But never mind about that."

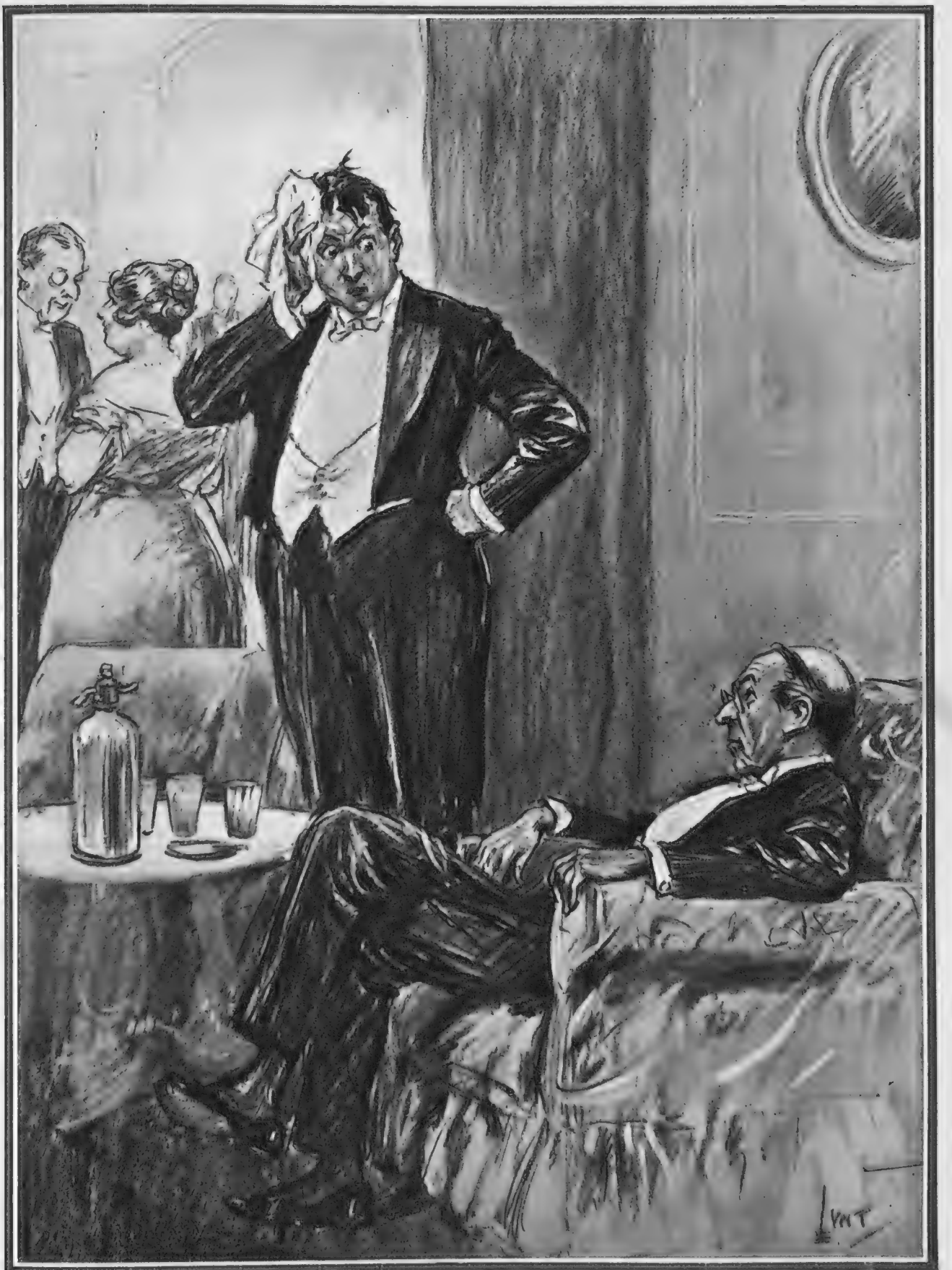
"You didn't come to see me, so I was drawn here. Magnet and tintack."

He looked at her little white nose. "I see the point," he said.

"Say some more," she said, "I like to hear you talk, Funny-face. Funny old ears. Funny old coconut with, oh, such a lot of milk in it. You do think a lot of thinky thoughts, don't you? And you put them all down in those dear little books of yours."

(*Continued on page 344*)

Exempt!



BY WILMOT LUNT

WEARY GUEST: "Thank Heaven, that's over! I've just danced with the hostess. Have you gone through with it?"

SAD-FACED MAN: "I don't need to—I'm the host!"

"IF SUMMER DON'T" (continued)

"Not all," said Luke, "I'm limited in my subjects. Jam, you know. Pickles. Sardines. That hurts—to be limited. I want to be free. Here, I am imprisoned. I am buried alive. Plunged, still teething, in the brougham."

"Still teething? I knew you were young at heart. Still, at the age of thirty-two——"

"I had intended to say that I was plunged, still breathing, in the tomb. I do get carried away so. Sometimes I form plans. I think I will leave this business and write my biography. It would be a record, not of the facts that are, but of the facts as I should like them to be."

"Brilliant," said Jona.

"I don't know," said Luke, wagging his ears, "I sometimes doubt whether I am sufficiently in touch with real life. I must consult somebody about it."

"Consult me. No, not now. Show me the first of the little books that you ever wrote."

"I hate you, I despise you"

He handed her the little lilac-bound copy of "The Romance of a Raspberry." She put it reverently to her lips, patted it gently, and laid it down again.

"Do you talk it over with Mabel? Isn't Mabel tremendously proud of it?"

"She is tremendously proud, but she has great self-restraint." He recalled the end of the perfect day. "As a general rule," he added, "when nothing happens to irritate her."

"Does she love you very much?"

"I don't remember her mentioning anything of the kind recently. But it's you I want to talk about, Jona. Tell me about your life."

"I don't live. I'm marking time. You throw a brick into the stream——"

"No," said Luke, "not a brick. I sometimes play boats."

"I was going to say," Jona continued, "that the brick remains motionless while the stream goes past it."

"But cannot we apply the principle of relativity here?" he asked. "May it not be that the stream stands still while the brick goes past it? It would appear so to the brick."

"That's one of your dinky, thinky thoughts, isn't it?"

A sound of uproar, of crashes and loud voices, came up from the street below.

"I wonder what that is," said Luke.

"It's Bill probably. He said he'd call for me." She crossed over to the window and looked out. "Yes, that's Bill. Driving the team of zebras he got from Doom Dagshaw. The horses don't seem to like it. There's a cart and horse just gone in at that draper's window. Quite a number of horses seem to have fallen down on the pavement. There's a policeman with a note-book. He seems to be asking Bill questions. And Bill's making him laugh. He manages those zebras perfectly. He does everything well."

Luke had joined her at the window. "Who's the lady sitting beside him?" he asked.

"One of his harem. Staying with us. Don't pity me. I deserve nothing. I made a mistake once. Don't ask me what. Don't come down with me. Good-bye, Lukie, dear."

Luke watched her as she drove off. And then Mr. Diggle entered without knocking.

"Who's your lady friend?" said Diggle, snappishly. "I mean the one that's just gone off in the circus. Simply unendurable. The whole street outside my business premises in confusion. I opened my window to look out, and that man pointed me out with his whip and said to the girl beside him: 'That's our Mr. Diggle. If you like our chutney, try our cheddar.' I shall go down and speak to the policeman at once. This sort of thing must be stopped. Come, come, Sharper, give me the name, please."

"The lady who called to see me," said Luke, "was Lady Tyburn. It was her husband who was driving the zebras."

"That makes a difference. Our spirited young aristocracy! I understand that the firm's produces are used exclusively up at Gallows. Glad you mentioned the name, Sharper."

"And can I have that partnership, now?" asked Luke.

"Not immediately. Get on with your work."

. . . . . .

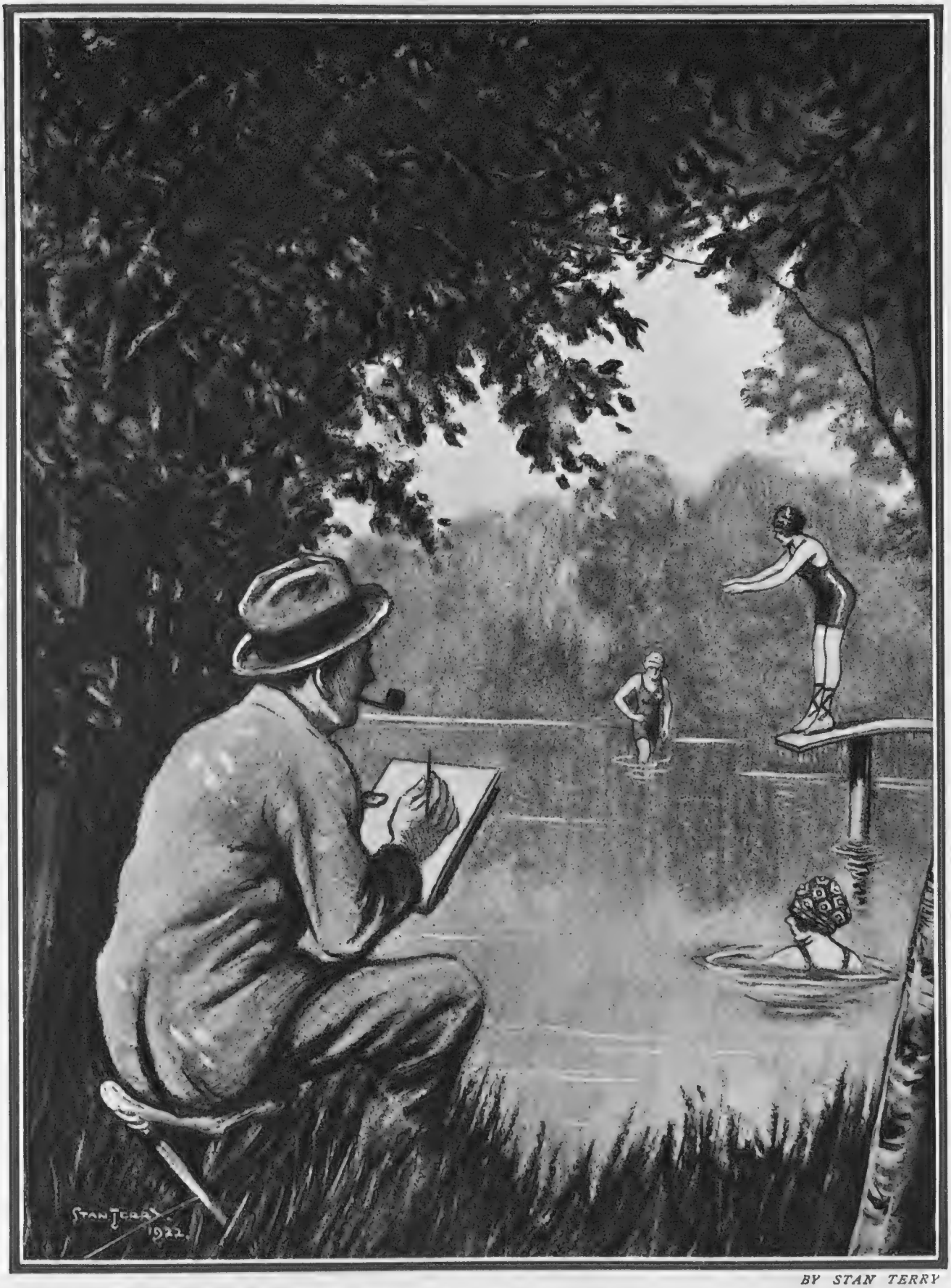
But it was impossible to work with the image of Jona still in his mind. He was puzzled. Grasping one ear in each hand he tried to think it out. What had she meant by "help yourself," and "the magnet and the tintack"? Why had she kissed "The Romance of the Raspberry"? What did she mean by "I made a mistake"? It almost looked as if. . . .

No, it could not be that.

Still, really you know, when you came to think about it. . . .

He walked over to the window once more. In the street below the policeman was instructing a group of drivers, the draper, and other persons concerned, that all applications for compensation should be sent in to Lord Tyburn, and that they would be dealt with strictly in rotation.

(To be continued next week)



BY STAN TERRY

"DRAWN FROM THE WOOD"

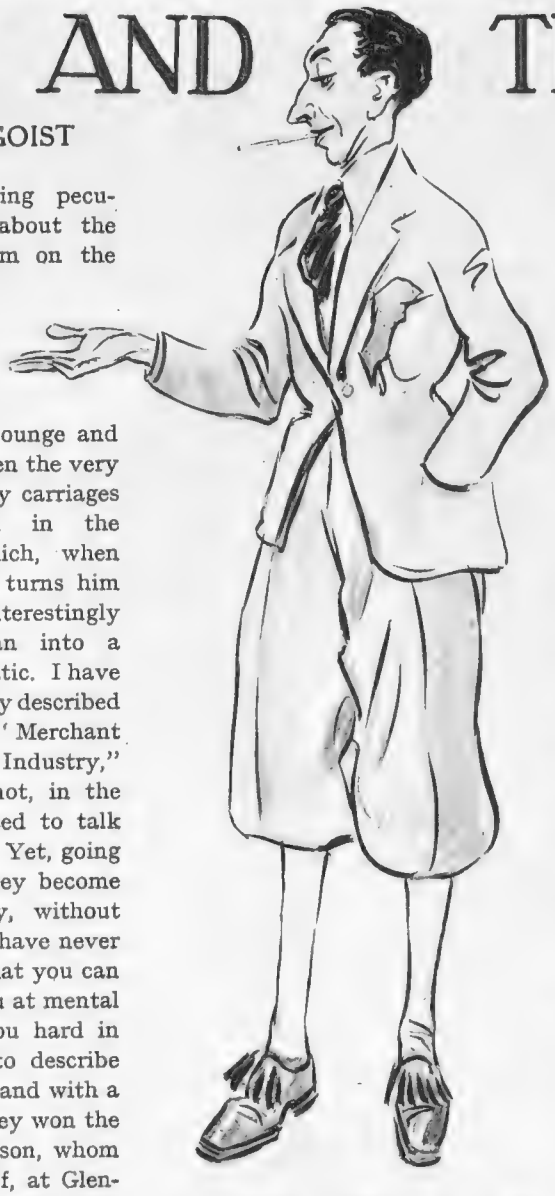
NEW SERIES

GOLF AND THE MAN

No. V.—THE EGOIST

BY DELL LEIGH

Illustrated by H. H. HARRIS



THERE is something peculiarly catching about the disease of egotism on the golf course. In fact, there is a danger zone all round clubhouses, permeating the atmosphere even as far off as the hotel lounge and the railway station. Often the very upholstery of the railway carriages themselves is soaked in the egotistical miasma, which, when breathed by the golfer, turns him from a quite harmless, interestingly successful business man into a chattering, incipient lunatic. I have played with men variously described as "Men of Affairs," "Merchant Princes," "Pioneers of Industry," and the like, who cannot, in the ordinary way, be induced to talk about themselves at all. Yet, going to or from a course, they become transformed. Suddenly, without any reason, though you have never done them any injury that you can remember, they hold you at mental attention by looking you hard in the face, and proceed to describe to you at great length, and with a wealth of detail, *why* they won the thirteenth against Jefferson, whom you have never heard of, at Gleneagles in the spring (or was it the summer?) of 1913. You are deeply absorbed at the time in an article, written by the owner of the newspaper, describing his adventures as a tourist in Senegambia.

But the Big Business Man has an over-powering craving to tell you about that hole at Gleneagles (or was it Turnberry? He is not perfectly certain, although it is important, mind you), and he must needs place a fat hand, pinioning the paper upon your knee, lest you should raise it again, and so lose the recital of that epoch-making day. He really feels he is granting you a favour, not handed out promiscuously to the mere ordinary acquaintance. You are expected to be lost in a maze of astonishment that on a day (was it a Saturday or Sunday? "Yes, I think it must have been a Saturday, now I come to think of it, because . . .") he got there with a half iron, whereas the caddie had said . . . etc. If you are laying deep schemes in your mind to get your young nephew into his business you will say, "Well, now, that is a very unusual story—most interesting. Have you ever done that sort of shot since?" He won't be suspicious of you. On the contrary, he will become all afire with reminiscences, and launch another yarn about a marvellous running-up approach at Westward Ho! in the teeth of a fierce gale in the autumn of 1920. But if you are the captain of your soul, and beholden to no man, you will say, "Oh, shut up! I don't care a damn what you did in the year dot; can't you see I'm reading the paper?" But this attitude is very rare in golfers. I have sometimes, not often, being a human golfer myself, deliberately thrust my own play out of my mind at the conclusion of the morning round, and taken a corner seat near the bar, and listened, as an observer of men, to wholesale egotism, fierce and unrestrained. You know the sort of thing. They drift into the bar, singly or in pairs, their faces telling you all, and begin the unconscious madness. The bar is now crowded. Smith (winner) hands a drink to Brown (beaten), and tells Jones, rapidly and distinctly, how he played the first four holes, stroke by palsied stroke. Jones is bored to the verge of screaming because he has a pain that is almost physical to relate to Robinson, standing oblivious behind him, how he got down that remarkable putt at the sixteenth. As your gaze travels from flushed face to puckered brow you realise what clever actors golfing men are.

Every man not actually talking at the top of his voice himself is assuming an expression of surprised interest, tinged with open admiration, at what the other man is telling him. But you know that underneath all this he is not really listening at all, he is controlling with a commendable effort a fierce desire for the other man to stop for just one second so that *he* can unburden himself to the bar at large about that brassie, which kicked off on to the green at the third ("of course, I *played* for a bit of a pull——" May he be forgiven!).

The chorus rises in the crescendo to the accompaniment of tinkling glasses. The universal refrain, the National Anthem of the morning round, is somewhat as follows:

"Oh, not so bad. Got him boiled at the fifteenth. You know those bushes just short of the road at the seventeenth? Well, I got there with my drive; pretty good for me, that—what? About 220, I suppose. . . . Confounded ball was all tucked up behind some stunted furze. I took a fearful swipe with that heavy mashie-niblick of mine, you know the club I mean, and put it up the course about 60 yards. . . .

GOLF AND THE MAN (continued)

Caddie said it was a jigger from there, but I played a peach of an approach with the ribbed mashie, and, by Jove! it was practically dead, wasn't it, Ted?.... I got the putt down for a four.... Then, at the next.... No, he was off his game ... but you know those bunkers just beyond the Fort? Well, I did a thing this morning I've never ..."

You glance at the stoical steward, wiping glasses behind the bar, with inscrutable countenance. This man's handicap is two, and you've never heard *him* talk about it. You have an insistent desire to offer him a drink, this strangely silent man with a twinkle in his eye. You purposely wait behind until the bar is cleared in order to do so.

"Thanky, sir, I should like one; hot s'morning."

He holds the small Bass up to the light against the possibility of cork, and says, musingly:

"Ye-es, that's a queer 'ole, that there fourteenth. I must tell you about that 'ole. One day when I was playin' the Pro. 'ere; 'arf a quid we 'ad on it, I remember. I 'it a goodish drive, an' for the second I was lying ..."

You murmur, in despair, "*et tu, Brute?*"

But he merely says, "Beg pardon, sir?" and continues unashamed.

D. L.

Next Week—No. VI.
"*THE ANTI-FEMINIST.*"

[*Thoughts of a husband, after reading that "large figures have given the 1922 bathing girl more of an oriental touch than ever."*]

REFLECTIONS

BY E. L. ROBERTS

DARLING, when three short weeks ago
You crossed the golden sands o' Dee
(Or was it Brighton?), lissome, large,
You loomed upon the ocean's marge—
Or so it seemed to me!
And yet no languid, oriental houri
Of beauty ever boasted such a dowry.

Your "sea-suit," too, was well designed
To emphasise this point of view;
I gazed upon you spellbound, rapt
(As plump young rabbits do when trapped
By cobras at the Zoo!)
Your costume was, to put it quite politely,
Pink and exiguous, eminently sprightly!

Chic and *le dernier cri* it seemed
To one habitually blind
To women's dress—ere it was lost
Amid the spray, "What DID it cost?"
I wondered; and my mind
Pondered that day, when you were pleased to don it,
Not on the figure IN the thing, but ON it!

And that is why I linger here
Beside the foam-flecked strand—a chill
Steals over me at times, I think
With trepidation of that pink
"Creation" and ... the BILL!
For though it may have gained its meed of glory,
The beastly bill is quite another story!

By MAB TREEBY

NON-STOPS

"She said he was all right as husbands go"
"Yes—and her's have to sooner or later, don't they?"

Two Yorkshire Beauties

Photograph *Foulsham and Banfield*

MISS ENID STAMP TAYLOR

A new and charming addition to "A to Z," which recently celebrated the return of the Trix Sisters to its midst. Miss Taylor is a daughter of Major Stamp Taylor, of Harrogate; her friend also hails from the moors

BATHING BADINAGE

BY "ROLAND" ILLUSTRATED by MARCEL PINCHON

NOS AMIS—

"*Ecoute bien, Marcel,* I have the grave words to impart, words for the ear of thee alone, my trusty comrade."

"I list, *cher Roland,* but with the utmost apprehension. *Vu* the strange language in which you have choosed to upwrap your words, I have the cause to fear the worst. Perhaps, *en effet,* it should be just as well if I were to interpose the warning. If it is that you have the intent to borrow a thousand francs, you are out of the luck, *mon grand.* I have placed all my spare wealth in *couronnes autrichiennes,* and am unable to make any advances until they mount."

"Sooth thyself, *mon petit Toto.* I have not the intent to make thy *couronnes* shrink still further, as they very well might, at the slight mention of a realisation. I am, indeed, a fellow-sufferer, for every time the bank pays twenty *centimes* to telephone their movements, crash goes another thousand. No: it is nothing at all of the similar."

"*Alors, je suis tranquille et je t'écoute.*"

"Well, to return to this idea——"

"Easy, easy, Roland, you again shatter the tranquillity when to talk of the ideas. I have had the unfortunate experiences of the *semblables,* I have cause to remind you."

"Were it not that I had the supreme need of your aid, saturnine one, I would take the grave measures for the such remarks and reveal your whereabouts to that infatuated dowager of whom you have the so terrible fear."

"Mercy, I crave. Your projects are assured of the acceptance in advance.'

"Well, I wish that you would not waste the precious time in the *disputations malséantes.* It is but the little thing that I seek to ask of you *après tout. Par exemple* it ought to have the much appeal to you; it is about the bathing, in regard to which you have had much that is pertinent to say at the less opportune moments. There is the possibility that some time in this dampest and dismalest of summers there may be the opportunity for the bathing, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"Optimist! There is, of course, always the possibility, but for my personal part I think the prospects are *bien pauvres.*"

"*Tu voudrais me décourager, cynique.* It shall not be. *Je tiendrai jusqu'au bout.* There is the occasion here to render the great public service."

"The most exhausting labour would I deem small, *mon grand,* could I but help to fill the great public with the renewed fortitude. Place the means at my disposal by the disclosure of this idea, and my pencil shall respond to the thrill of a noble purpose."

"Now you jump too far with your 'thrill.' Had it been but an affair of the pencil I could have safely left the labour to you without the fatigue of this preliminary conference. What I have in mind is that you should write this article, *mon vieux,* as you are such a pronounced authority on the subject. The revelation of that 'thrill' is confirmation that it is precisely the method which alone can give the results that are necessary."

"Le maillot est de plus en plus court"

"All the time I have had the fear that there could be a catch in this business somewhere, trickster. However, before we make another step I lay down the condition that I continue negotiations only on the promise that if I consent to make the article you undertake to do the *dessins.*"

"That was not at all in the scheme, Marcel. Yet I suppose you will insist that it is only fair.—Accepted, tentatively—with the terrible

"BATHING BADINAGE" (*concluded*)

prospects for the illustrations. They should certainly introduce a new form of art."

"Which is in the great demand. At all the events you are as practised with the pencil as I am with the typewriter. *Mais dis-donc, mon grand choux*, that is the point where the scheme does break down. I cannot at all use the typewriter."

"No, no; you do not escape so easily as that. Forethought has ensured provision for such little handicaps as that. I will sit at the typewriter. All that you shall have to do will be to roll out about the dark and deep blue ocean information about bathing which shall lead to the belief that it will be possible before long."

"The ocean? I had the intention to talk about the bathing in the Marne, which, I think, has not received the attention that it has deserved."

"*En avant.* Deathless prose about the maidens in the Marne shall serve just as well to revive the spirits which droop. Say it cheerfully is all we ask. Also, discourse it in the most perfect of English. There are people in Birmingham who have their eyes upon you."

"*Entendu. Il y avait une fois* in the time of the good king Clovis when bathing has not been known at La Varenne, that sweet-scented village of natural (and artificial) charms that nestles within a caressing arm of the Marne. . . ."

"That will be quite enough in that strain, Marcel. It will not do at all. Besides, we have heard quite sufficiently about La Varenne since it was captured by the Republicans of Montmartre. Cast your artistic eye towards Deauville, and, with a little less of the Rostand fancifulness, say a few brief words about the bathing on those golden sands—golden in the sense of u tra-expensive."

Bathing tea-party

"I cannot do the justice to this subject, Roland, if I am too much restricted. However, I shall try again. Deauville is the incomparable capital of dry-bathing."

"Dry bathing?"

"*Mais oui.* Is it that you have ever seen a bathing costume to be wet at Deauville? The bathing costume at Deauville is the opportunity for a *décolletage* which cannot be attained in the *dancings*. *Et le maillot est de plus en plus court.*"

"Do I understand that that is a complaint?"

"I like not these interruptions. They cause the images to become confused. *Donc*; at Deauville I have seen a girl, who has wished as much as possible to get the effect of the sea, recline just out of the reach of the waves for fear to get wet—*une nageuse à la manque.* And I have seen two girls to take the tea while to sit in the sea, in the bathing costumes of course. Is that all right?"

"Well, it is not the information *palpitante*, is it? Have you not at call a glowing phrase about those wonderful costumes in silk and satin, flaming crimson and grotto-green?"

"No, I have not an interest in those colour-conflicts, Roland, but I have a charming picture in my memory of some wondering babies contemplating the setting sun to be swal'owed up by the sea."

"*Franchement, mon cher*, you disappoint me in my expectations. I had anticipated that you should be full of the first-rate stuff. Just have another try, a good try. Otherwise I shall have to dispense with your services."

"Well, I have reserved to the last my best feature, which is *heliotherapie.*"

"*Heliotherapie! Nom d'un chien*, what is *heliotherapie?*"

"Why, it is—well, I do not know how you say it otherwise, but I can easily draw it."

"I think that would be much better, Marcel. That will be one the less for me to do."

"It has seemed to me that you have not been much considerate at these endeavours, Roland. Show to me your *dessins*. Perhaps there shall be the occasion for the *revanche*. . . . *Ciel!* Yes. I have thought so. They look like the midnight wanderings of a lost crayfish. I shall have to 'evolve' these incomprehensible marks—for the repute of art."

"Marcel, you are really *un petit ange!*"

ROLAND

"Contemplating the setting sun to be swallowed up by the sea"

"Our Girls" Come Into Their Own

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

It has apparently been decided by an unknown tribunal that the way to describe all summer events is as above

SPORT *of the* WEEK

As seen by the Camera

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS' ELEVEN GOING OUT TO FIELD AT LORD'S

On the first day of their match with the Army last week. Although allowing the Army to score heavily in consequence of an epidemic of missed catches, they managed to secure a draw

Photograph *Sport and General*

SIR W. P. BURTON'S 15-METRE CUTTER "CESTRIAN"

She figured prominently in the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's annual regatta at Ryde last week, when she and her chief rival, Mr. J. W. Robertson's "The Lady Anne," sailed several close races. In the race on the Tuesday for 15 and 12-metre yachts she was first home, beating "The Lady Anne," but failed to save her time on the 12-metre "Noreen"

Photograph *Sport and General*

FRANK WOOLLEY

The mainstay of the Kent team. He was in fine form at Canterbury last week, and in the first innings of Middlesex took 7 wickets for 34 runs

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE HON. F. S. G. CALTHORPE

Captain of Warwickshire, who is to be married shortly, and will afterwards accompany A. C. Maclaren's team to New Zealand

THE MASHONALAND HOCKEY TEAM

Winners of the Inter-province tournament at Gwelo, Southern Rhodesia. Standing (left to right): R. P. Derham, P. Ferguson, C. Heriot-Hill, R. Romyn, S. Wyndham-Brady. Seated: F. H. E. Crick, G. Manwaring-Noakes, G. F. P. O'Farrell, J. W. Leach, C. L. Honey. Front pair: J. V. Kerr, A. M. Kuys

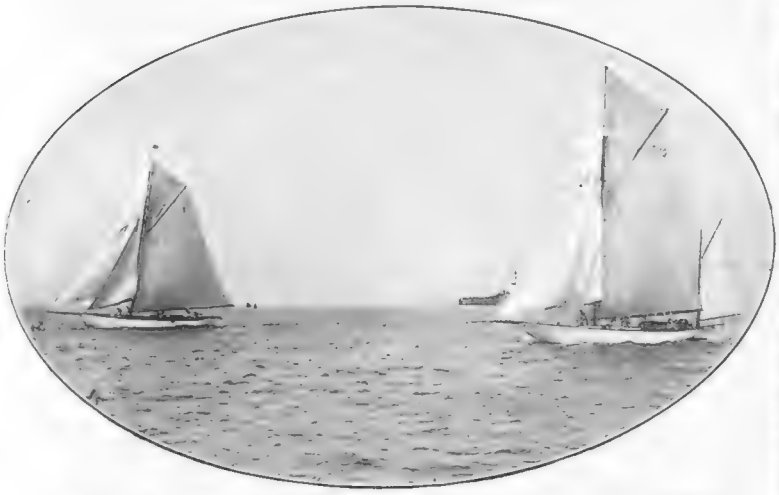
Photograph *Sport and General*

MR. ALGERNON MAUDSLAY'S "FREESIA"

One of the best boats in the International six-metre class, which has provided the keenest and best sport of the season

WEYBRIDGE REGATTA

The scene on the Thames just above Shepperton Lock during an interlude between the racing. So numerous were the entries that two courses between Shepperton Church and the lock had to be used, and racing was carried on over both of them concurrently

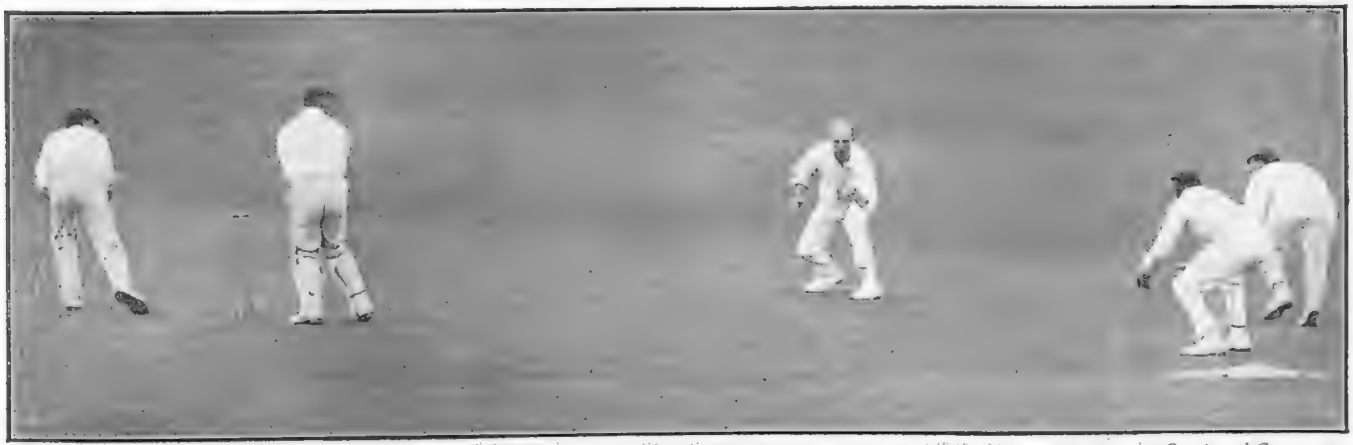


MR. J. W. COOK'S "THANET" (LEFT) AND MR. H. A ANDREAE'S "CANDIDA"

At the Royal Victoria Yacht Club's Regatta at Ryde last week. In the race for yachts of over 30 tons on the Tuesday, "Candida" took first prize and "Thanet" second

NOT CLASSED A.1 AT LLOYD'S

Three competitors in the "novelty" race at Weybridge. Anything that could be made to float—except a boat—could be utilised. The lady with the wire mattress outfit capsized



Photographs *Sport and General.*

'WELL CAUGHT!"

A. J. Evans (Kent) in the slips makes a clever left-handed catch off Woolley's bowling, and so secures the dismissal of Nigel Haig without scoring. Canterbury week is the oldest and most time-honoured of all cricket festivals, last week's gathering being the seventy-seventh of the series. An integral part of the festival are the dramatic performances given nightly at the Theatre Royal by those renowned amateurs, the Old Stagers

Bathomania

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"The first bathe"

SOMEWHERE-IN-HAMPSHIRE,
August 14

DEAR COUSIN—

HERE's just a word to you from a new world! 'Cos that's really rather what it feels like, doesn't it? when at long last you've taken the plunge and crossed the Rubicon, so to speak, and flung yourself reckless and care-free into all the shocks and surprises and roses and raptures of a real proper holiday by the sea.

SEEMS to wash away all in a minute all the *tiny* things and worries, doesn't it? from the very moment when you first give yourself with a sigh of happy relief to its wonderful embrace. Oh, the joy of that first dash and splash and rush to the laughing waves (never mind even if one of your bathing-shoes *does* come off, and, anyway, there's always someone there to pick it up for you, isn't there?) And then the sinking deep into a soft, yielding infinity of warm—or, anyway, not *very* cold—sea, and the glorious triumph of finding you haven't forgotten your last new over-arm stroke, and the rich, lazy joy of floating awhile in the lovely tingling water, feeling divinely at peace with the world and all that therein is . . .

NOT forgetting, of course, other more merely mundane pleasures such as knowing you've got really a *rather* nice bathing-dress, and the right kind of cap, and . . . well, p'raps unselfishly brightened other people's lives as well as your own just a little bit, what? Wonderful what *can* be done these days in the way of quite fairly becoming things to wear, even in the water—though you mightn't think it, to judge by most of the masses of well-developed ladies that simply swarm in the pages of the daily picture papers these holiday times, might you?

AREN'T too fearfully worried, either, we aren't, even by the awful prospect of sharks and dog-fish and catfish and conger eels, and things biting bits out of us while we bathe, not if we're in the real and proper holiday mood. Which finds positive pleasure in simply heaps of things that in the ordinary way would be a quite unbearable burden and weariness to the flesh. Like, for instance, the furnishing and ornaments—especially ornaments—of our 'stremely select and 'spensive holiday "digs."

THE white lace curtains of old Victorian days, the bamboo tables and screens and aspidestras. . . . Even they, to the sublimely intoxicated senses of the well and truly bathed, are but just one more source of pure and ineffable joy!

"That lodging house furnitur

DON'T quite know what nectar and ambrosia taste like, either, but if they're anything in the least like the roast beef and raspberry tart we wolfishly partake of after the midday bathe—well, it's me for the Elysian Fields right now and every time. Even the (other people's) cars that buzz and rumble outside, and the motor-cycles that throb and hoot are but as the soothing hum of golden bees among the flowers . . . and I can't say no fairer nor that, I *don't* think.

BUT bathing's not the only thing that fills our new world in this little holiday corner, either. 'Cos, yes, there's actually a river, too—a real river, with punts and dinghies and Canaders, and even yachts and things. Fallen terribly out of fashion, they say the river has, these days—the London river

that is. Empty reaches at Maidenhead, punts lying idle at Pangbourne, miles of desolation at Marlow, weeping boatmen at Windsor . . . such is the sad and sorrowful tale they tell on the Thames. All I can say is, not a single sign or symptom of anything in the very least like it on *our* little river at Ch——— but, no, I utterly refuse to give it away.

RATHER a wonderful combination, really, you know. I mean, the sea's so all-absorbing and embracing that you don't often find, or want, anything much more around to quench that thirst for all sorts and kinds of open-air joys that the aforementioned holiday spirit brings. And makes it feel like almost *two* new worlds, when there's a perfectly good river holiday thrown in as well, complete with wooded banks and backwaters and lovely big overhanging trees to lunch and sup under. And even river bathing to be done, too, if you want it—though how anyone ever could *prefer* it, with the sparkling sea just round the corner, so to speak, I for one don't mind confessing I simply can't imagine.

ALMOST forgot to tell you, by the way, that there's also a lovely old historic Priory near by—Jinks, the wire-haired, nearly killed himself, moment we arrived, by falling twenty feet into ye anciente moat thereof, and, of course, *I* had to haul him out. And the most exquisite moorlands, with pines and heather that I've got a big bunch of nestling all among the bamboos and vases and Marcus Stones of our sitting-room, and looking *fearfully* out of place. . . .

"Should husbands wash up?"

BUT a truce to all this idle chatter, as the heroes and people say in the stories in the bound volumes of antique magazines of 1895 or so, which is all *I've* got to nurture my intellectual instincts, *et cet.*, with in this secluded holiday paradise. Astonishing thing is, the mere ordinary world seems to be going on outside all the time very much as before, 's far as I can gather. Shooting season still on in Ireland (as well as Scotland), fresh Anglo-French "crisis" daily, lots of murders, "holiday tragedies," general election said (once more) to be coming on quite soon, and all manner of exciting topics like "Should Husbands Wash Up?" being hotly debated in the daily papers.

BUT here at—no, I simply will *not* reveal the secret, not even to you—we are calmly and loftily indifferent to all such mere minor things. And not much use, really, *trying* to improve your mind if, even when you're reading the most exciting bits in THE BYSTANDER or the *Daily Graphic* or the *Sunday Times*, someone suddenly comes and positively *shouts* in your ear, "What about that bathe, Blanchette?" (I do *hate* these super-energetic people that are always keeping you up to the mark, don't you? But it isn't, is it?)

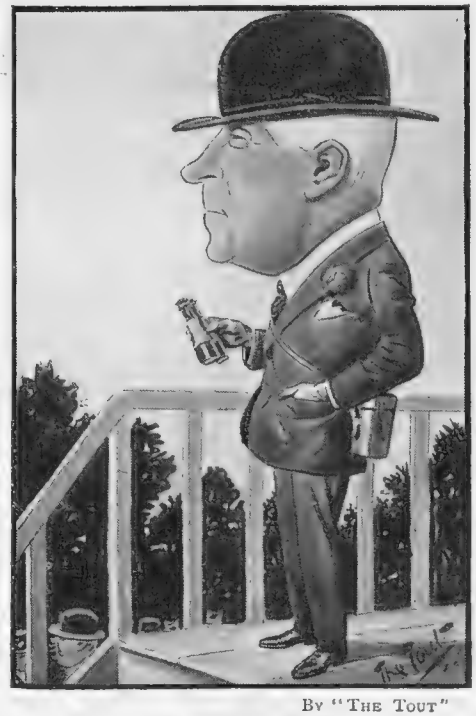
With love,
yours ever,
BLANCHETTE

"There's always someone to pick it up for you . . ."

RACING NOTIONS
BY "CARBINE"

Exit Cuttle

CAPTAIN CUTTLE'S disappearance from the St. Leger makes that race look a reasonably good thing for Tamar, but Lord Astor will be "touching wood" after his aggravating experiences in the last of the classic events. Both Buchan and Craig an Eran seemed good enough to win the St. Leger in their respective seasons, but for one reason or another they did not do the trick. I do not think Tamar is so good a three-year-old as either of his predecessors, yet for all that he may be good enough to win at Doncaster, seeing that the English opposition is likely to be comparatively feeble. I wrote last week that there seemed to be no "likely outsiders" in the St. Leger entry, but now that Captain Cuttle has gone out the race takes on a new aspect, and it behoves us to consider the chances of the best of Tamar's rivals.



BY "THE TOUT"

MR. DAVID SHAW

The popular major-domo of the very popular Ayr fixture which concluded its Summer meeting last week

Tamar and St. Louis

I DARESAY that St. Louis will now settle down into second favouritism. Tamar and St. Louis have met twice up to date. In the Guineas the Newmarket colt had decidedly the better of it, but in the Derby Tamar easily turned the tables on him. I prefer to accept the latter running as representing the real merits of the two colts. It was known that Tamar was not at his best when he ran in the Guineas. He was started for that race mainly with a view to giving him further experience of the racecourse, and Bullock was careful not to knock him about when he perceived there was no chance of winning. Tamar stripped a much better colt in the Derby, and ever since then he has gone on improving.

Their French Rival

THE St. Leger will become vastly more interesting if Ramus is sent from France to take his place in the field. There seems to be no reason why he should not be sent. The stake is surely attractive enough, for the St. Leger this time will be worth something like £10,000, which at the current rates of exchange will make it even more valuable than the Grand Prix de Paris. The quality of the colt is high enough to give him an excellent chance of success in an apparently moderate field. What is more, the stamina of Ramus is unquestionable. He won the French Derby after a thrilling finish with Kefalin.

A Formidable Proposition

THE latter beat him in the Grand Prix over a mile and seven furlongs, but in that race Ramus got very badly away. But for this bad luck he would probably have won. You will remember that the two English competitors in the Grand Prix, Bucks Hussar and Baton Rouge, were beaten pointless. Altogether we must regard Ramus as a very formidable proposition so far as the St. Leger is concerned.

Some Selections

IF Leighton is ever going to win another race it will surely be the Leicestershire Stakes on Wednesday, for here he escapes all penalties. On the following day the Leicester County Foal Stakes may be won by **Papyrus**. Hurst Park will provide some of the best racing of the week, though we shall sadly miss the familiar figure of the late Mr. Joe Davis. ST. LOUIS may possibly be given a gallop in the Richemount Stakes on Friday, but in his absence I shall expect CAPTAIN FRACASSE to score. **Kilvemnon** may secure the Fountains Handicap on the same afternoon. On the second day I like the chance of **Wild Mint** in the Nonsuch Handicap, in spite of her penalty, while the Two-Year-Old Stakes may fall to **Drake.**

The "BYSTANDER" QUERY COMPETITION
IN AID OF THE
LADY CHICHESTER HOSPITAL, HOVE.

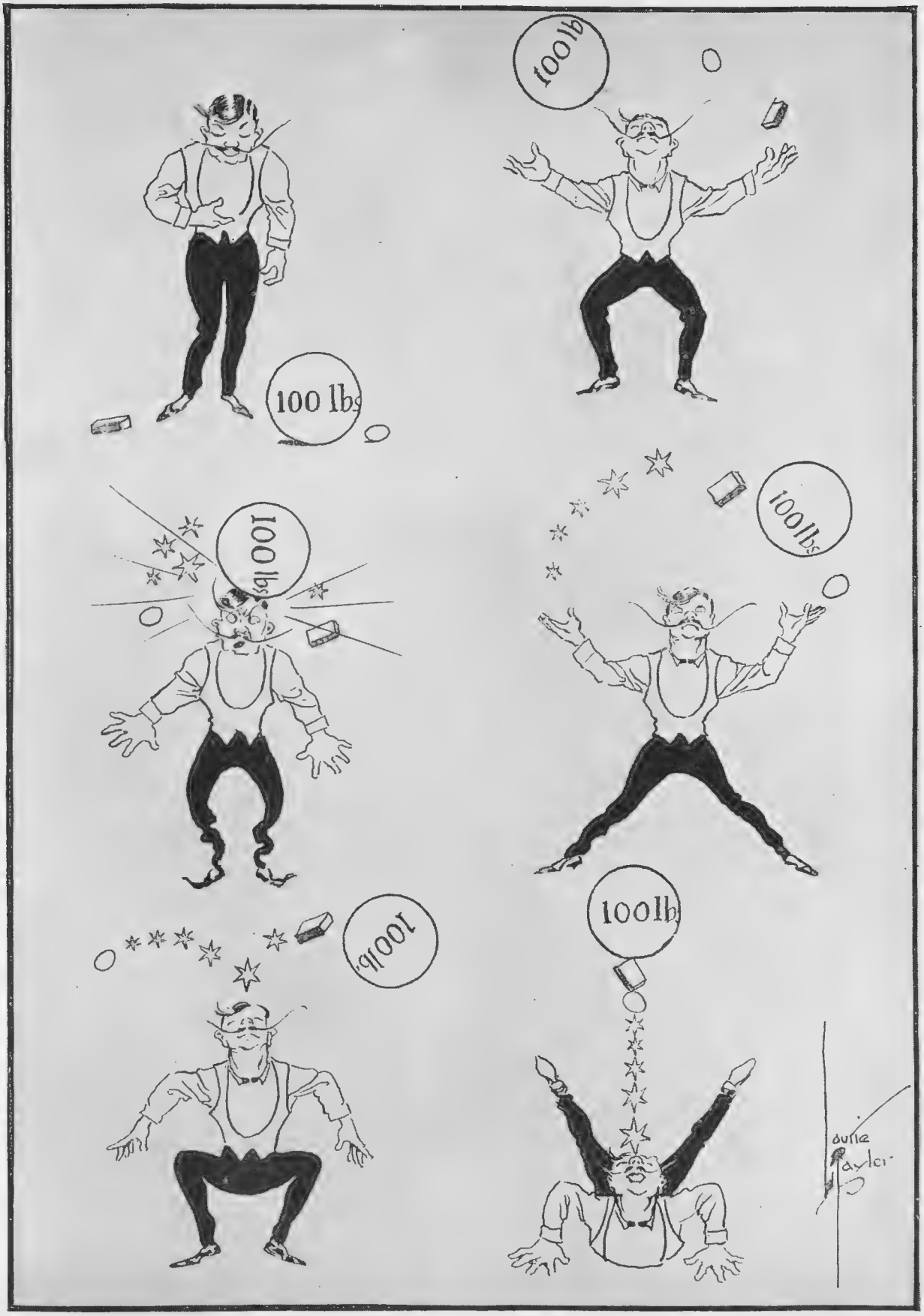
So popular were our recent series of Title Competitions that the idea was adopted to swell the coffers of the Lady Chichester Hospital at Hove, "The Bystander" offering a prize of £3 3s. to the winner, and Mrs. Sydney Herbert, organiser of the competition, a £1 1s. Consolation prize. The picture was from the versatile pen of one of our own artists, Mr. Victor Hicks, and was subsequently auctioned by Sir Harry Lauder for £45, which, together with the entrance fees, realised the appreciable sum of £75 16s., and is being devoted to the uses of this hospital—the only one in this country that specialises in all forms of nervous breakdown among women and children. Among a great number of very excellent entries, the committee decided upon the Rev. F. H. D. SMYTHE'S, of St. Barnabas Vicarage, Hove,

"KILL OR CURATE"

as being the best. Mr. Smythe has generously elected to forego the three guineas for the benefit of the hospital. The Consolation Prize was awarded to Mr. WALTER L. H. BLAKE, of 26, Buckingham Place, Brighton, for the title

"BEFORE THE BEAK."

The Opportunist, Or—



BY LAURIE TAYLER

—The Star Conjurer

Bathing in Bygone Days

A CONTRAST AND ITS LESSON. By "ARBITER"

I AM old enough to be able to appreciate the extraordinary advance that bathing has made as a pastime during the past thirty or forty years. When, as a youngster, I took (or, rather, was given) my first dip in the sea, the sort of bathing that went on in those days would appear positively ludicrous to the bather of to-day. Men bathed from one part of the beach, women from another, and whether you were a man or a woman you must bathe from a bathing-machine or not at all. Bathing huts and bathing tents were never met with except at a few quiet places quite off the beaten track.

SWIMMERS among the men who bathed were by no means numerous; among the women there were hardly ever any to be seen. Nor was this to be wondered at, for the garb which they wore was about as unsuited to swimming as it could well be. It was long, it was loose, and it was made of thick serge, or some similar material, which either clung heavily to the limbs and body of the wearer or else became inflated in the breeze and blew out like a balloon.

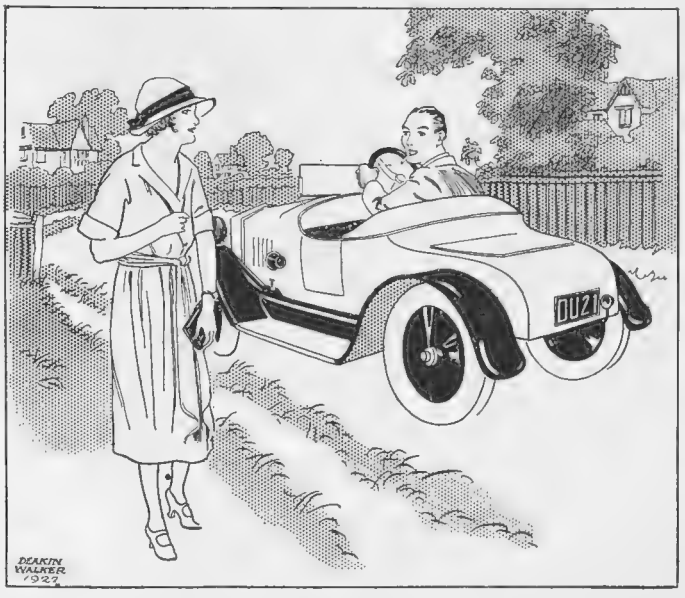
THAT it was eminently unbecoming goes, after this, without saying. It was, perhaps, as well for the fair bathers of those days that the majority of their machines were equipped with huge awnings reaching down to the sea level, under cover of which they descended into the water, or emerged therefrom. They must have been painfully conscious that they were not looking their best. And few are the women who in such circumstances are really capable of enjoying themselves.

INDEED, sea-bathing in those days was quite as much a rite as a recreation. It was supposed to be "good for one," and the doctors recommended it almost indiscriminately for everybody, especially for children, whereas we now know that bathing, though healthy enough in itself, is by no means equally beneficial to all and sundry, and that to people of delicate constitution it may be positively harmful. But the kiddies were "put through it" regardless of everything but the assumption that it was doing them all the good in the world.

THE little ones bathed with their female relatives, and were usually handed over to the tender mercies of the bathing-woman, a brine-encrusted *virago* of the "Sairey Gamp" type, who haled them forth, often screaming in terror, and ducked them for the prescribed number of times. Teaching them to swim was no part of the curriculum, since she probably did not know how to swim herself. Many a child has in this way been imbued with a wholehearted dread of the sea, which has endured for years, and I can remember how grateful I was when my father took me under his wing and tried to put me in the way of becoming as good a swimmer as he was.

WE bathe nowadays much more sensibly, more sociably, more decoratively, and in consequence with a great deal more real enjoyment than we did then. The percentage of bathers—especially among our womenfolk—who can also swim has increased enormously. And yet I still think that we have a lot to learn, and that there are still far too many of us (of both sexes) who do not realise how greatly the pleasures of bathing are increased by the ability to swim and to feel thoroughly at home in the water. Moreover, most of our seaside places are sadly deficient in such useful aids to real bathing as stages, rafts, springboards, and such like. Bathing from the average beach, even with such aids as these, is by no means a quick or an easy way of learning to swim, however conscientiously one may try, and many people bathe on their annual holiday year after year without getting appreciably "forrarder."

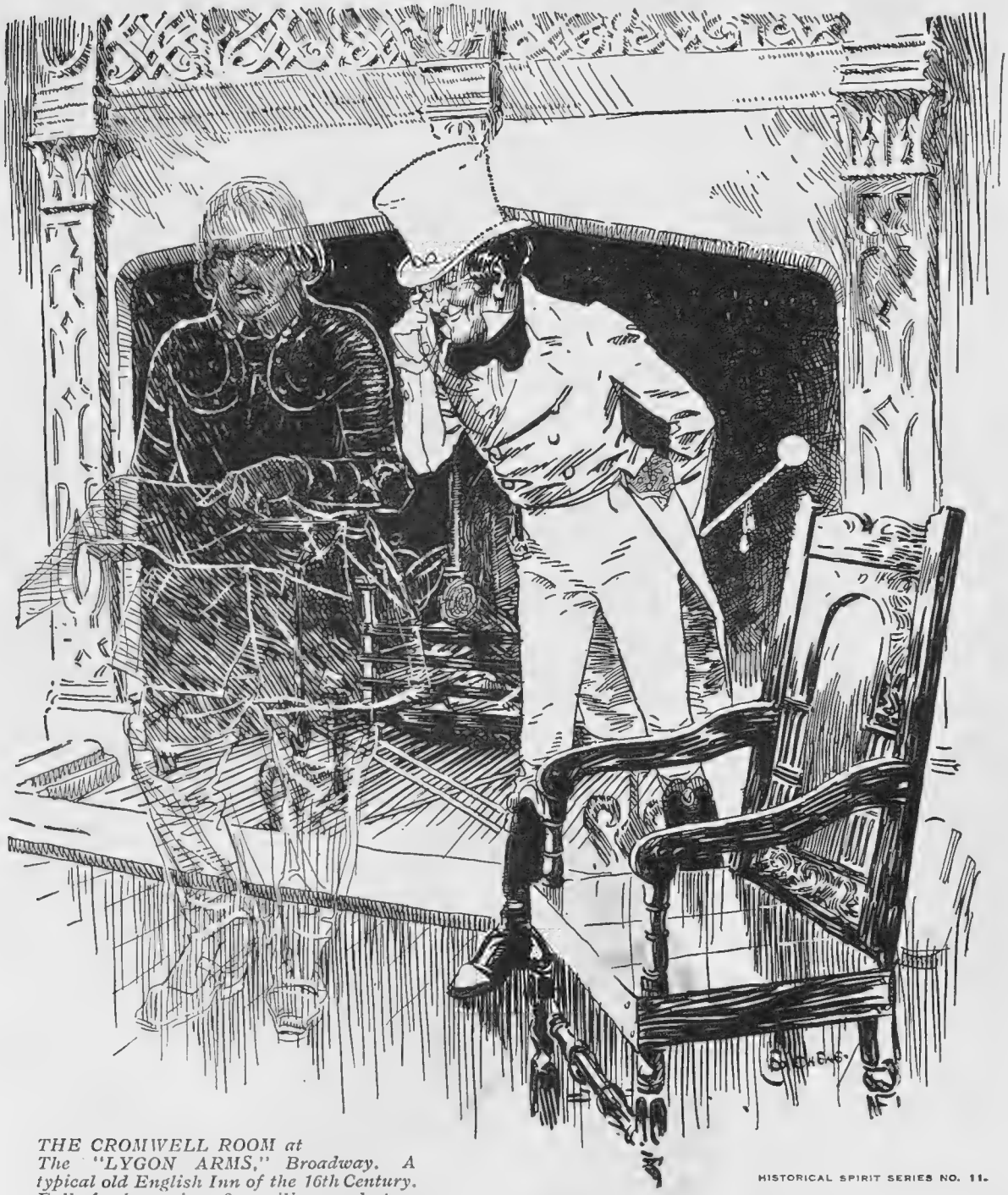
THE best place in which to learn to swim and to dive (a sheer delight in itself) is a swimming bath. Three or four lessons in a bath from a competent teacher will do more than hours of struggling amid breaking waves on the margin of a beach which is generally either too shelving or not shelving enough. Therefore, I strongly advise those who are addicted to bathing without being able to swim to give a trial to my suggestion that they should make a point of learning to swim in a bath before they are very much older. They will find that it will add enormously to the enjoyment of their next bathing holiday. More especially would I commend this advice to parents. In no way can they hope to give their youngsters such a good time, or, rather, such a recurrent series of good times, as by having them taught to swim.



VICE VERSA By DEAKIN WALKER

SHE: "Hello, old top! New car?"
HE: "No—old car, new top!"

Born 1820——*Still going Strong!*



THE CROMWELL ROOM at The "LYGON ARMS," Broadway. A typical old English Inn of the 16th Century. Full of oak carving, fine ceilings and stone fireplaces. Here Cromwell is reputed to have slept the night before the Battle of Worcester.

HISTORICAL SPIRIT SERIES NO. 11.

Shade of Cromwell: "I am informed some of your friends, JOHNNIE WALKER, describe you as I did the Battle of Worcester — 'A crowning mercy'."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK, SCOTLAND

Femina

A PANTRY IN THE DINING-ROOM

BY MRS. M. VINCE

I FIND that while people in small houses and flats are always wondering how to make the best of a little space they do not, as a rule, make nearly enough use of the dining-room. I do not mean that they should use the dining-room more, but they should use it in a different way. It is much better to keep a dining-room, as far as possible, as a room simply for meals, and to avoid lumbering it with the furniture and other things which are necessary if it is also a sitting-room. If this is done, then, without interfering in any way with its comfort as a dining-room, it can be put to other and very important uses. The dining-room, indeed, in any small house, and especially in a flat, should contain its own pantry. This means a great relief to the kitchen, which in nearly all flats is too small for real convenience, and it means a great increase in the ease and comfort of managing the flat.

I KNOW one flat—it is not in this country—in which this idea is most thoroughly and successfully carried out, and it is certainly one of the most convenient and most beautiful small flats that I have ever seen. It has two large rooms, used as dining-room and sitting-room, a very small kitchen, and two small bedrooms. There is one maid. Neither the kitchen, nor either of the small bedrooms, have any space to spare for cupboards, and so the dining-room has been boldly made the store-room of the flat. It contains not only the china and glass, silver and cutlery, but all the household linen as well.

IT is a beautiful room, decorated in white and blue and furnished with what we hardly ever see in this country, old white furniture. No one going into that room, with its long white table and carved white chairs, would suspect that the three graceful cabinets which it contains are, in fact, the china, glass, and linen cupboards of the flat. I thought when I saw it how much more practical it was to keep the china and glass and linen in this way rather than to put them in cupboards for which there was plenty of other use. Nor was it only practical. It was beautiful as well. Those cupboards, though they were kept closed, and the ordinary visitor did not know what they contained, might very well have been left open, or even have had glass doors.

I HAVE seen many cabinets of ornamental china in English sitting-rooms which were not nearly so attractive. China and glass which are beautiful on the table will look beautiful also in a cupboard if they are properly arranged, as they were in the cupboards of this dining-room. The outsides of the cupboards were white and the insides were entirely lined with bright blue paper, the blue shelves edged with blue and white handmade lace. The glass in particular looked very beautiful with the blue background.

I HAVE never seen or heard of ornamental linen-cupboards, but even the linen-cupboard in that room might almost have had glass-doors, so charmingly was the linen arranged inside it, each set tied up with blue ribbons. The initials were embroidered in red or white, and the tapes of the pillow-cases were crimped as I have never seen them in this country.

THIS was an exceptional room, and the china, glass, and linen were all of the very best, but there is no reason why china and glass-cupboards in any dining-room should not be made attractive, so that no woman need mind it being seen that her dining-room contains its pantry. Though nothing in itself could look better than the blue paper for lining the cupboards, this would not be suitable for all rooms, or with dark furniture.

ONE would vary the colour of the paper and the colour of the edging on the shelves according to the colours of the room. For example, a bright yellow or apricot paper, with a yellow or apricot edging would look very effective with dark oak furniture. One's aim should be, and it is not difficult, so to fit and arrange such cupboards that one would never be afraid of having the doors left open.

M. V.

MISS DOROTHY BRUNTON

This clever and beautiful Australian musical comedy actress, who made such a big hit in "Baby Bunting" several years ago, has just returned to England and will be seen in London again this autumn in a new comedy with music

Days for "Ovaltine"

DAYS of heat and sunshine; days when you feel it is too hot to eat, when you are easily tired and lack strength and vitality.

These are the days for "Ovaltine." A light summer diet contains little nutriment and is deficient in those food elements which give strength and vitality. "Ovaltine" makes the lightest diet complete in nutritive value, gives the strength and vitality you need to carry on with your daily work, and does not overheat the blood.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Builds-up Brain, Nerve and Body

What "Ovaltine" is

"Ovaltine" is a highly concentrated extract of all the goodness, all the nutriment, all the health-giving properties contained in ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs—Nature's Tonic Foods.

Two teaspoonfuls in a cupful of hot milk or milk and water make a most appetising and delicious beverage—brimful of the elements which give health and vitality.

Independent analysis certifies that one cup of "Ovaltine" contains more nourishment than 12 cups of beef extract, 7 cups of cocoa or 3 eggs.

Make "Ovaltine" your daily beverage. Drink it instead of tea or coffee with your meals and between meals. It is splendid for children, too, building up healthy bodies and promoting sturdy muscular development. Drink it as a "night-cap" to ensure sound natural sleep. ***Drink "Ovaltine" for Health!***

Sold by all Chemists and Stores throughout the British Empire. Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6.

A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross Street, London, E.C. 1.

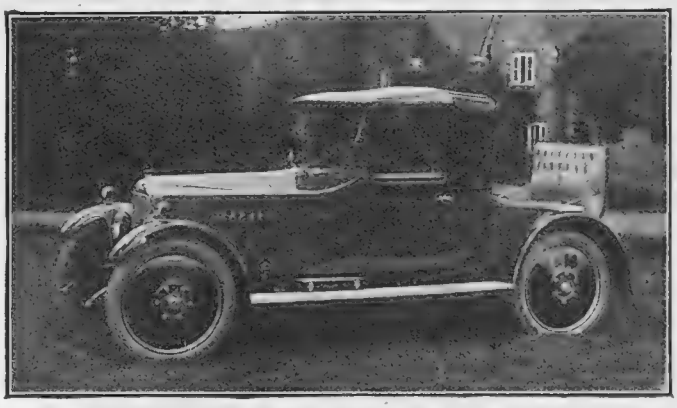
P. 164.

MOTOR-NOTES

On Saturday next, August 19, the Junior Car Club hold their 200 miles race at Brooklands, and great will be the competition in the two classes of 1,100 cc. and 1,500 cc. to gain the respective awards. Of course, the winners of the 1,500 cc. cup last year, the Talbot-Darracqs, will make a big effort to win again, but the Aston-Martin and the Bugutti teams are also determined to capture the prize, leave alone the other entries, and S. F. Edge hopes that the A.C. will cut the lot of them down. In the 1,100 cc. division the battle will be fierce between the G.N., the Salmson, and the three-wheeled Morgans. Considering that the tiny A.V. averaged sixty-nine miles an hour for five laps recently the speeds will be very high indeed, so records look as if they will be broken by several of the competitors. In any case, visitors to Brooklands will get a jolly good show for their money, as well as being able to see everything comfortably, as Mr. Locke King has put up a new grand stand at the Fork behind the replenishing pits, with refreshment booths and all other aids to add to the enjoyment of a long race. The races start and finish at the Fork, so everybody can see the lap scoring boards and inform themselves of the progress of the competitors. All that remains to be done is to bribe the Clerk of the Weather to send a fine day for the event. I wonder who is clever enough to do this?

* * *

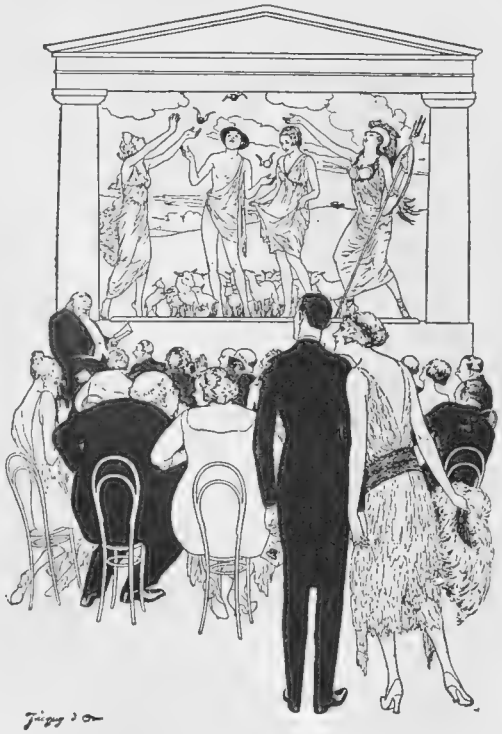
I see from the advertisements of Pratt's Perfection spirit that the Anglo-American Oil Company are anxious to let all motorists know that the petrol that is sold from the roadside pumps is the same as that in the cans. Well, they need not worry, as the garage folk long ago discovered that it does not pay to be dishonest. Also when the Anglo first instituted these kerb-side supplies to save waste and time in filling up they all installed them with the distinct understanding that only No. 1 spirit is supplied through the pump when it is labelled No. 1, and as the garage people, who had to pay for the installation, a somewhat costly job, found that a certain suspicion hovered over such supplies at first they quickly abandoned any idea of adulteration or lower-grade-at-higher-price swindle—supposing they had thought about it—in order to give the motoring public confidence that they got what they asked and payed for. Otherwise their capital expenditure on the pumps would have brought them little or no return. Consequently, motorists can deal at all roadside pumps with perfect confidence that they get what they ask for nowadays. But when is the price coming down? Old Hy.



"THE GRAFTON"

This is the new coupé body known as the "Grafton," which has been built on a new 14 h.p. Vauxhall chassis by the Grosvenor Carriage Company, Ltd.

POPE & BRADLEY
Civil Military & Naval Tailors
of OLD BOND ST LONDON W.
By Appointment to H.M. the King of Spain



THE TEMPLE OF BEAUTY

THE CAUSE OF ALL CURSES

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

In the halcyon days of yore, before the world's political Humpty Dumptys sat on their European walls, the Income Tax demand merely caused an impatient, though contemptuous, shrug at the more or less peaceful breakfast table. To-day it unloosens a fury so hectic that it fosters mental apoplexy, ruins one's financial physique, creates cancerous thoughts, evolves new immoralities, and inspires an obscenity of language that would shock the most licentious poet of the Restoration period.

In the far-off days, before we won the "war to end wars" and national solvency, the peaceable West End citizen seldom troubled to enquire the price of his clothes. Now, prices have become a question of vital importance.

At dinner recently an American guest interrupted an asparagus finesse by asking, "When will the price of lounge suits be brought down to the pre-war level?" My reply was immediate: "When the National Debt is reduced from seven thousand odd millions to the pre-war seven hundred odd millions, and when the Governmental expenditure is reduced from £1,195,427,877 (1921-22) to the pre-war expenditure of £197,492,969 (1913-14).

Every boy and girl in their teens at school, all those of the new and virile generation, should study politics and economics in self-defence. The politics and economics of the past have been the root of most of the world's evils. It is because of the politico-economical ignorance and apathy of the majority that the politicians find it so easy to beguile by stupid parrot cries and impose taxation to its breaking point.

Politics not only affect personal liberty, they affect the price of every single commodity essential to life. Observe the taxation, direct and indirect, on everything. Therefore, nauseating as it may be—and savouring as it does of the vivisection of rats—everyone should study present politics in order to demand that they be cleansed, and in order that we may compel economy in political circles.

* * * * * * * *

So far as the prices of this House are concerned, it is utterly impossible to make them less. They are reduced to a margin of profit as bare as the clothing of the ladies of the Boccaccian "Decameron Nights." Lounge Suits from £9 9s. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. Dress Suits from £16 16s. Overcoats from £7 7s. Riding Breeches from £4 4s.

14 OLD BOND STREET W
& 11 & 13 SOUTHAMPTON ROW W.C
& 10 ROYAL EXCHANGE MANCHESTER

WHAT DUNLOP CORD TYRES HAVE DONE

From Capt. G. EGERTON PEARCH, Chagford, Devon.

"In October last I had Dunlop Cord Tyres fitted to my 25 h.p. Vauxhall car. I drove the car to the South of France, carrying a large amount of luggage and three adult passengers. I used the car almost every day for six months and came home via the High Alps. The journey was made in the worst of weather, but we arrived safely back in Devon with the same set of tyres with which we went away. The tyres are very little worn although the mileage is fully 6,000."

From S. F. EDGE, Esq., Ditchling, Sussex.

"I thought it only right to let you know how very successful the Dunlop Cord Tyres were which you supplied me with for my six cylinder A.C. car which was entered recently at Brooklands, and gained such a big series of records from 2 to 12 hours inclusive, averaging for 12 hours over 70 miles an hour. I believe they stand with the unique record of having run a greater distance at 70 miles an hour than any set of tyres in the world have ever done."

From H. G. POPE, Esq., Maidenhead.

"I used your Cord Tyres on my G.W.K. car in the Scottish Six Days Trial, and obtained the best possible award, a Gold Medal. The same set of tyres were used in the London-Land's End Trial, in which I attribute my successes to the excellent gripping properties of your tyres."

From FRANK SEARLE, Esq., Managing Director, Daimler Hire Ltd., London, S.W.7.

"I should like to put on record the really wonderful results we are getting with your Dunlop Cord Tyres. Considering that our fleet consists of 250 30 h.p. landaulettes and our mileage in the summer approaches five hundred thousand miles a month (all of which is done on Dunlops) we are in a position to appreciate good value for money in tyres."

From a User at Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

"In May, 1921, I purchased a six cylinder Arm strong-Siddeley car fitted with your Cord Tyres I have done exactly 10,000 miles running, and have had no trouble whatsoever, no punctures or bursts, and the tyres still look good for two or three thousand more miles."

From R. G. JACKSON, Esq., Maidenhead.

"I used your Cord Tyres on the London-Land's End run and in the strenuous Scottish Six Days Trial, the tyres giving the utmost satisfaction. I have not had a puncture since they were originally fitted, neither have the tyres needed to be touched in any way."

From W. MORRISON, Esq., Loch Assynt.

"I am glad to say that your Magnum Cords are really good and I am having splendid service out of them on Albion and Ford cars."

From A. R. HUNTER, Esq., Worksop.

"I am now absolutely convinced that there is nothing better in the tyre world than the Dunlop Cord."

From P. J. CAFFYN, Esq., Caffyns Ltd., Eastbourne.

"I am still driving on the original four Dunlop Cords, although I have now exceeded 9,000 miles. Three of these tyres have not been re-inflated since fitted."

From W. H. BOWATER, Esq., Birmingham.

"I have been a user of your tyres for many years, and thought it would be interesting to you to know the mileage done by the last four tyres on my car. The Tyres are Cord, size 820×120, and are run on a Wolseley 20 h.p. six cylinder limousine.

Tyre No.	18184	Mileage	15,987	miles.
,, ,,	18114	,,	15,096	,,
,, ,,	17137	,,	18,735	,,
,, ,,	18062	,,	17,697	,,

I have a careful record kept of all my tyres, and if you would like to verify the mileage, I shall be very pleased for you to do so."

From JAMES FAIRLIE, Esq., Falkirk.

"I have on my Moon car two Dunlop Cord Tyres which have reached the 14,000 mile mark and are still going strong . . . two others have done over 5,000 each and look quite fresh."

TRADE MARK

HOW THE "NO-TROUBLE" TYRE JUSTIFIES ITS NAME

'THROUGH HEALTHY INFANCY to STURDY CHILDHOOD'

BABY'S development through the months of infancy—the increase of physical activity, the dawn of intelligence—form the most fascinating features of child life. The continuous progress that is so gratifying to the watchful mother depends upon the use of Foods correctly adapted to the stages of development through healthy infancy to sturdy childhood. This is the characteristic of the system known throughout the world as

'Allenburys'

For the first three months of age 'Allenburys' No. 1 Milk Food—which closely resembles mother's milk — is employed. From 3 to 6 months 'Allenburys' No. 2 Food, containing additional nutritive material, is used. After six months of age, a further stage is reached when the developing digestive capacities of the child call for 'Allenburys' No. 3 Malted Food — the first step towards solid food.

Write for the 'Allenburys' booklet on Infant Feeding and Management (free) and ask for sample of the food suited to the age of your baby.

ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., 37, LOMBARD STREET LONDON, E.C.3.

Estd 1715

THE
BYSTANDER

No. 976.—Vol. LXXV. Wednesday, August 16, 1922 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Gerrard 37.
Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

HAMPTON & SONS,
20, ST. JAMES' SQUARE, S.W. I.

Branch Office: WIMBLEDON COMMON, S.W. 19.
Telephone: Wimbledon 80.

SUSSEX COAST. 6 miles from Worthing and a short distance from the sea.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

AN EXCEPTIONALLY CHARMING MODERN RESIDENCE, beautifully situate in a well-timbered park approached by drive and commanding fine sea and land views. Contains: lounge hall, 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, 3 fitted bathrooms, and good offices, with servants' hall.

FULL-SIZE BILLIARD ROOM.

Electric light. Radiators. Main water. 2 double garages, stabling for 9, and 3 capital cottages; entrance lodge and small Farmery.

FINE OLD GROUNDS

and parklands of about 60 acres, wide-spreading lawns, walled kitchen garden, woodland walks, etc. Apply—

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1; or Messrs. JENNER and DELL, Regency Square, Brighton. (C22,374.)

LOOE—IDEAL SITUATION.

To Fishermen and Artists.

CORNISH COAST.—FOR SALE, a very charming MODERN RESIDENCE, overlooking the sea, amidst lovely country, in a district affording fine sea and river fishing, and famous among artists. Grounds of nearly 1½ acres: 7 bedrooms, bathroom, reception rooms, and good offices; gas; Company's water; main drainage; garage. The Property has been the subject of much care and expenditure. Strongly recommended from personal knowledge.

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (C.32,802.)

GENTLEMAN'S MODERATE-SIZED RESIDENCE.

Delightfully situated in favourite part of SURREY.

400 ft. up. Magnificent views. Near golf.

FOR SALE, FREEHOLD.—Lounge hall, 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing rooms, 2 baths; well planned; every modern convenience and labour-saving contrivance; south-east aspect.

Delightful Pleasure Grounds.

Tennis and other lawns, well-stocked kitchen garden, etc., about 1¼ acres in all.

Strongly recommended by HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (S.22,751.)

TO BE LET. FURNISHED OR UNFURNISHED.

WALES, near Oswestry.

1 mile from a station affording direct communication with Manchester and the North, or Birmingham, the Midlands, and London.

COUNTRY RESIDENCE IN HEALTHY BRACING DISTRICT.—Carriage drive: 4 reception rooms, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and servants' rooms.

Electric Light. Modern Drainage. Central Heating.

AMPLE STABLING, GARAGE AND MAN'S QUARTERS.

Park-like grounds and pleasure gardens, 2 men's cottages.

TROUT FISHING. About 400 acres Sporting, with more available if required. Hunting.

HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (W.38,002.)

Between 300 and 400 ft. above the sea.

WARLINGHAM.

Close to the Golf Course.

THIS VERY ATTRACTIVE COUNTRY RESIDENCE, on 2 floors only. Contains: hall, 3 reception, 5 bedrooms, usual offices.

COMPANY'S WATER.

Nice grounds of about 1 acre, prettily laid out, and comprising tennis court, kitchen garden, fruit trees, etc; accommodation for small car.

PRICE, FREEHOLD, £2,850.

For particulars and order to view, apply—
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1. (S.33,543a.)

ABOUT 300 FEET UP. Amidst Beautifully Wooded Country.

HENLEY HEIGHTS.

Easy access to Golf and River.

FOR SALE, substantially built gentleman's small COUNTRY RESIDENCE: 4 reception, 5 bedrooms (all fitted with lavatory basins) 2 baths. Electric Light. Telephone.

Company's water, well-built garage, stabling, useful outbuildings. Brick and tiled Bungalow (4 rooms, bath, etc.).

Well-matured, tastefully displayed grounds; hard tennis court; kitchen garden, etc., and 3 Paddocks, in all about 17 acres.

PRICE ONLY 4,000 GUINEAS.

Inspected and recommended by
HAMPTON and SONS, 20, St. James' Square, S.W. 1.

Telegrams: "Everything, London"
ESTATE AGENTS

HARRODS (LTD.)

BROMPTON ROAD, S.W.: and Byfleet.

Telephones: { Western 1 (85 lines)
Byfleet 149.
AUCTIONEERS

SUSSEX COAST.

Between Bognor and Worthing.

Splendid modern house. Uninterrupted views.

Low price for immediate sale.

DELIGHTFUL MODERN RESIDENCE, occupying a very pleasant and convenient position within 1½ miles of station and convenient to shops, etc.: hall, 2 large reception-rooms, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and usual offices.

Co.'s water and gas. Modern sanitation. Site for garage.

Attractive pleasure grounds laid out as lawns, flower beds and borders; glasshouse, etc., in all about ¼ acre.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W. 1.

FINE POSITION ON THE SURREY HILLS.

SPLENDID HOUSE. EVERY MODERN CONVENIENCE.

DELIGHTFUL GROUNDS.

Easy reach of several golf courses.

VERY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a convenient position within easy reach of station, etc., and only 30 minutes from town: Lounge hall, 3 reception, 8 bedrooms, bath-dressing room, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices.

Main drainage, electric light; Co.'s gas and water; telephone.

Beautiful and inexpensive pleasure grounds, tennis and other lawns, flower gardens, productive kitchen garden, in all about 1½ acres.

LOW PRICE FOR IMMEDIATE SALE.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W. 1.

REDHILL AND EAST GRINSTEAD (BETWEEN).

PRICE ONLY £2,800.

A CHARMING, NEWLY DECORATED, FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, within 2 miles of railway station, 5 minutes of 'bus routes. Contains: square lounge hall, 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom; dairy and useful offices; 2 garages; stabling and outbuildings: Co.'s water; central heating throughout; cesspool drainage.

MATURED PLEASURE GROUNDS,

laid out in lawn and flower beds, kitchen garden, orchard, meadowland, the whole covering an area of about 10 acres.

SUITABLE FOR POULTRY FARM.

Inspected and strongly recommended.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W. 1.

BEAUTIFUL DISTRICT IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND.

Between Hereford and Gloucester.

500 ft. up. Splendid views.

DESIRABLE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a high and healthy position, convenient to stations, post office and shops: hall, 3 reception, 6 bedrooms, bathroom, and excellent offices; good water supply; modern sanitation; cottage; stabling and garage; outbuildings.

Beautifully matured pleasure grounds, including tennis lawn, herbaceous borders, productive kitchen garden with fruit trees; thriving orchard and meadowland, in all about 7 acres. Low price of £2,500 or offer.

Inspected and recommended by HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W. 1.

PRICE £2,800 (OR NEAR OFFER).

Glorious Position. Fine Views. Exceptionally Delightful

COTTAGE RESIDENCE.

BEACONSFIELD AND AMERSHAM.—In this exquisitely beautiful and healthy country, standing some 500 ft. above sea, with views for miles over a delightful and undulating district.

It is an exceedingly well-built House, in splendid order, and altogether forms a delightful abode. Contains: hall, 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms, bathroom, etc. Water and gas laid on.

The grounds extend to about 1 acre.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W. 1

SOMERSET.

On the hills near Bath and 4 miles from that City.

SMALL OLD-FASHIONED COTTAGE RESIDENCE, recently brought up to date with electric light installation; hot water system and redecorated throughout: 3 reception, 4 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.); all bedrooms fitted with lavatory basins (h. and c.); main water; pretty gardens and grounds. For SALE, fully FURNISHED, including valuable Eastern carpets, brass and silver, piano, etc.

PRICE, £2,250.

—HARRODS (Ltd.), 62/64, Brompton Road, S.W. 1.

LUX
for
River Frocks

A DAY on the river in the bright sunshine and the soft breeze is one of the delights of the summer; and pretty frocks of dainty hues are all a part of the charm and beauty of the day.

But dainty frocks soil easily; dust from train, 'bus splashes, or grass stains, soon work havoc with delicate materials. You need have no anxiety as to their successful washing. Lux is made just for washing all dainty fabrics. Lux coaxes the dirt out—not a single thread is harmed. Lux keeps sports coats, sweaters and flannels, all woollens, soft and fleecy.

Packets (two sizes) may be obtained everywhere.

LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT.

Lx 247—84

Don't develop your Kodak films

Post them to WILL R. ROSE. He does them best, and only charges for successful exposures.

They will be returned in a few hours, perfectly developed and printed, together with helpful advice.
You need not pay in advance ; this guarantees your satisfaction, and his efficiency.
The charges are very moderate. Write for illustrated list "B."

Will R. Rose **CHESTER: 23, Bridge Street Row.**
OXFORD: 134, High Street.

And over 50,000 receiving stations—your nearest pillar box is one of them.

The Tonic Effect of

TITTERTON'S
CELEBRATED
HAIR BRUSHES

Made of carefully selected bristles. They impart to the scalp a healthy tonic effect, immensely improving the hair. Every Brush guaranteed. Only those stamped "TITTERTON" are genuine.

Obtainable at all High-class Chemists, Stores, Hairdressers, & Fancy Goods Shops.

Wholesale only :—
TITTERTON & HOWARD Ltd., London, W. Makers of the **Athenæum Tooth Brush**—the most scientifically constructed brush yet invented for cleaning the teeth. Childs 1/6, Adults 2/-

Air is good for children's feet

but beware of accidents if you let them run barefoot. For perfect ventilation, with comfort and safety,

HALL & SONS' TOE-CAP SANDALS

are unequalled. Ideal fine-weather footwear.

Prices: Sizes 3 to 5, **7/-**; 6 to 9, **8/6**; 10 to 13, **9/11**. Size 1, **10/6**; Size 2, **12/6**. Also with double soles for hard wear, Sizes 3 to 5, **8/11**; 6 to 9, **10/6**; 10 to 13, **11/9**. Size 1, **12/6**. Size 2, **15/9**.
Ladies' sizes, **18/11**. Men's sizes, **22/6**.

Our Gold Medal SANDAL-FORM FOOTWEAR should be worn when Sandals cannot. In all sizes.
A BOX OF SAMPLES sent post free for inspection and selection at home. Send outline of foot drawn standing.
Illustrated Catalogue post free.

HALL & SONS Ltd. (Dept. F.)
82, Bishopsgate, E.C.2. 'Phone: Lon. Wall 6319.
370, Strand, W.C.2. - 'Phone: Regent 2425.
16, Newgate St. E.C.1. - 'Phone: City 6582.

The **"IDEAL" SHOE**
Silent and Pliant.

A boon to nurses and all who are much on their feet. Soft and easy-fitting. Has a special support for arch of foot. Oxford and Derby Styles.

Price **34/9**.

Exide
Battery Service
ENDS BATTERY TROUBLE.

THE BRITISH **BERKEFELD** FILTER

SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY, LONDON, W.C.2.

Eiffel Tower Bun Flour

MAKES THE LIGHTEST BUNS

Family pkts. 7d. also in 2d. and 4½d. pkts.

Amateur Photographers

Send 1/- P.O. to Martin he will Develop and Print your V.P.K. or 2 Brownie. Best results. No waiting. Price list for other sizes and Enlargements free.

Dept. B 1, Martin, Chemist, Southampton

SUIT 47/6; O'COAT 37/6; LADY'S COSTUME 55/-

TURNED

and Re-Tailored "Just like New" by the Original and Leading Turn Clothes Tailors.
Send along at once. Carriage Paid One Way.
WALTER CURRALL & CO. 6, Broadway, Ludgate Hill (Near "Times" Offices.) *'Phone: Central 1810.*
Established 1903. Please mention *The Bystander.*

NEWTON, CHAMBERS & CO., LTD.
THORNCLIFFE IRON WORKS, near SHEFFIELD.
Telegrams: Estab. 1793. *Telephone: No 2200.*
"NEWTON, SHEFFIELD." *(Two lines).*

Branches:
LONDON: Brook House, 10-12, Walbrook, E.C.4
MANCHESTER: Grosvenor Buildings, Deansgate.
Branches
LIVERPOOL: 50a, Lord Street, W.
SHEFFIELD: Moorhead.

THE "ASHCROFT" BOILER.
This Boiler is very suitable for Garage and Greenhouse Heating as particulars below.

	Size of Boiler	To Heat 4in. Pipe	Tapping	Diam of Smoke Pipe	Price Exclusive of Smoke Pipe
No. 1	12in. x 8in.	40ft	1in	4in.	£3 11 0
,, 2	12in. x 12in.	60ft	1in.	4in.	£4 12 8
,, 3	12in. x 16in.	80ft	1in	4in.	£5 11 4
,, 4	16in. x 12in.	120ft	1¼in	5in.	£10 5 10
,, 5	16in. x 18in	160ft	1¼in	5in.	£12 14 9
,, 6	16in x 24in	200ft	1¼in.	5in.	£15 12 6
,, 7	16in. x 30in	240ft	1¼in.	5in.	£18 15 4

GREENHOUSE	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft. in.	GARAGE	ft. in.	ft. in.	ft in
No. 1 Boiler,	11 0 x	11 0 x	8 0	No. 1 Boiler,	20 0 x	20 0 x	10 0
,, 2 ,,	11 0 x	16 0 x	8 0	,, 2 ,,	25 0 x	25 0 x	10 0
,, 3 ,,	11 0 x	21 0 x	8 0	,, 3 ,,	28 0 x	28 0 x	10 0

Or same cubical contents.

CARTERS LTD.

By Appointment

Baby Carriages

of

Refinement, Distinction, Charm, and Durability.

Please write for
BOOK No. 17
Containing a comprehensive exhibit of Dainty Photographs.

(Established over 70 Years.)

125-129 Gt. Portland St. London, W.I.

EVERYONE INTERESTED IN AVIATION SHOULD VISIT THE

INTERNATIONAL AVIATION COMPETITION
(I.C.A.R.)

ROTTERDAM, Sept. 2—17.

£3,500 in Prize Money. **Tournaments.** **Festivals.**

Don't waste your holiday—take a "Kodak"

Holidays always seem to finish so suddenly, don't they? The long, lazy days when you can please yourself whether you do something or nothing come to an end all at once and, before you know where you are, you find yourself face to face with another fifty weeks of work. Well—you would not mind half so much if you brought back, not just a few hazy memories, but a collection of snapshots which you yourself had taken with your own "Kodak"—snapshots of the friends you made, of the sailing, the swimming, the golf, tennis or cricket you played together. It makes all the difference—try it! You can learn to use a "Kodak" in half-an-hour.

Bring back your holiday in your "Kodak"

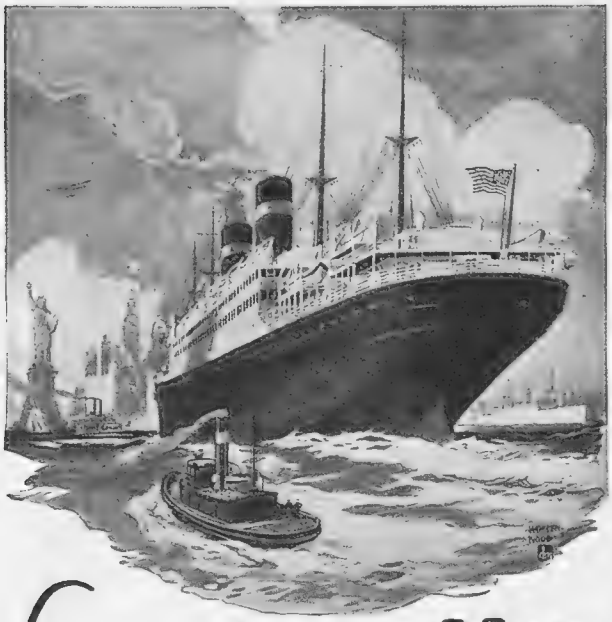
All Kodaks and Brownies have been reduced in price. Here are two popular models.

No. 1 Autographic Kodak Junior, fitted with Meniscus Achromatic Lens and Ball Bearing Shutter. Takes pictures 3¼×2¼. Price £3-0-0.

1a Autographic Kodak Special, fitted with Kodak Anastigmat Lens f/6.3 and Range Finder—takes pictures 4¼×2½. Price £14-14-0.

Ask your nearest Kodak dealer to show you his stock of Kodaks.

Kodak Limited, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.



Learn about the New American Ships

SEND the information blank below now for the booklet of authentic information especially prepared for travellers by the United States Government. It contains valuable railway and travel information, rates, customs regulations, ship diagrams, etc., and full description of the splendid new ships of the American fleet. Write for it to-day.

On the great American ships that sail regularly from European ports, cabin passage may be had as low as $120 (£27 12s. 0d.)

With American standards of cleanliness, comfort and service, these ships rank among the finest afloat. Unusually spacious rooms are equipped with hot and cold running water, electric fans, radiators; most have private baths. Great and luxurious public rooms, food that meets the requirements of the most fastidious, unsurpassed in abundance and variety

You will find the American atmosphere particularly pleasing. The courteous and efficient service, the varied delights of the library, cardroom, grand salon for dancing, innumerable facilities for diversion—will prove a delightful introduction to America itself. Write to-day for detailed description. You will be under no obligation.

Write for Booklet

Whether you intend to visit America now or later, send the coupon below for the "Guide to the U.S.A.," a 64-page book, with 75 illustrations, describing American industries, farms, scenery, sports, schools, libraries, population, railway and export facilities, and much other authentic and interesting information It will be mailed free.

LONDON:
3, COCKSPUR ST., S.W.1.

Please send me 64-page Guide to U. S. A. and description of U. S. Government ships.

Name .....

Address .....

UNITED STATES LINES
Operating U. S. GOVERNMENT SHIPS

LONDON: 3, Cockspur St., S.W.1. PARIS: 11 bis, Rue Scribe.
Freight: Runciman (London), Ltd., 52, Leadenhall Street, E.C.

WHAT!

The Life-Boats in a paper devoted to **Pleasure and Sport!**

Why Not?

Could there be

A FINER SPORT in the WORLD

than to face all the dangers of stormy seas for the sake of men's lives?

What men show more conspicuously than the Life-Boatmen those qualities which

ALL SPORTSMEN ADMIRE.

Prompt and cheerful courage, quickness of decision, refusal to admit defeat?

Will YOU help to provide these brave men with the best Life-Boats that science can devise and money can buy?

The Life-Boat Service receives **not one penny** from the State, but

IF YOU

and 249,999 other patriotic men and women will give

ONLY ONE GUINEA

a year it will be enough to maintain the Service round our **5,000 miles of coast.**

LORD HARROWBY, *Honorary Treasurer.* GEORGE F. SHEE M.A., *Secretary.*

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION,
22, CHARING CROSS ROAD, LONDON, W.C.2.

WM. GRANT & SONS Ltd., *Distillers.* Contractors to H.M. Government.
Sole Proprietors—The Glenfiddich and Balvenie Glenlivet Distilleries
EXPORT OFFICE, 16 CARLTON PLACE, GLASGOW.
London Agents for Grant's "Liqueur" Scotch: Messrs HEDGES & BUTLER, Ltd.,
WINE MERCHANTS TO H.M. THE KING, 153 REGENT STREET, W.1.

Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

The Complete Exodus

It is quite fun, and an illuminative experience, to be a mere bystander at any of the big railway termini during the early part of August watching the feverish crowds departing for the various seaside resorts. The chaos is complete, with bicycles, mammoth woolly toys, tenaciously clutched by tinies, lunch baskets, bulging holdalls, stuffed with the always forgotten little things, deck-chairs, and the rest of the endless impedimenta described as *little* luggage.

In the matter of travelling dress we have progressed vastly of late. It is the exception, these days, to see the inappropriately attired woman, although the capricious weather brought both warm wrap-coats, and also furs, into unusual prominence.

Exceptionally attractive was an *élégante* off to the other side of the Channel in one of those jolly striped skirts made out of a wide scarf, with fringe running down one side. It was in tones of yellow and brown, and was accompanied by a long wrap-coat of brown *velours de laine*. As the fronts of this coat were thrown back, I caught sight of one of those covetable and expensive white linen lawn shirts, high to the neck, and ornamented down the front with frills hemmed with yellow, a soft squash yellow felt hat crowning this *chic* and yet eminently workmanlike travelling attire. These smart shirts are such a welcome change from the ubiquitous jumpers, with their too *décolleté* necks and short sleeves.

It is bad enough to keep one's face clean during a journey, without having a neck thrown in, and the experienced traveller seldom fails to include a small pot of vanishing cream, together with a soft rag, and, of course, powder in her handbag, for the cleansing process, which is as cool and refreshing as it is efficacious.

Bathing-Dresses à La Mode

Yellow, orange, royal blue, jade, and rose jostle one another in close proximity to the orthodox black and navy for bathing costumes, for the decree has been written that we shall be gay on entering the water, irrespective of the fact that we all emerge looking pretty much the same hue, and towards this end there has been introduced a rubberised satin, obtainable in a long range of vivid tones, as well as black and navy. It is of this practical material our original design is fashioned, and our selection is black, stitched with flat bands of raspberry-red satin, applied in an effective and unique manner. The jauntily tied-on cap is likewise of the rubberised satin, spotted in red, while the *manteau des bains* is of raspberry-red Terry towelling, on either side of which a slit is obligingly arranged for the hands to pass through. It is, moreover, as you see, mounted on to a small round yoke, and is in every way a singularly comfortable and practical wrap.

AN ATTRACTIVE BATHING SUIT

Built of rubberised black satin, stitched with bands of raspberry-red satin, the latter note of contrast picked up on a wrap of Terry towelling

Original design by Betty Nisbet

An admirable stuff, too, for a similar style of costume is bunting, which does not hold the water, as does serge, and if this is requisitioned Boy Scout's braid may be employed as a suitable decorative medium. Nor is stockinette to be overlooked as appropriate or *toile de laine*.

An Early Autumn Afternoon Gown

Prominent among the materials being culled to models suitable for *chic* afternoon and also evening toilettes is zenana satin. This stuff is determined to probe its way into every detail of our wardrobe, from hats downwards, and now that it is produced in such a wonderfully light weight, and also in the most entrancing range of pastel shades, there is no reason to doubt it will have a *succès fou*.

Short trains, too, are distinguishing many of the latest afternoon gowns, together with some wholly original draperies, as witness our second sketch, carried out in black chiffon velvet, the draperies culminating in a cape effect at one side and also in a short train. The sleeves of black georgette are in the nature of a surprise, these fitting the arms closely and shaped to fall right over the hand. Now, the sleeves deleted and a handsome jet or *plaque* girdle substituted for the modest ribbon depicted here is a creation that

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

would serve equally well for evening or afternoon. As pictured, moreover, it essentially suggests a casino, the picture hat of black having the brim underlined with white georgette, two fantastic black ospreys sweeping either side.

Preference Accorded White and Beige

NOTWITHSTANDING the doubtful atmospheric conditions, the *vraie élégante*, both here and on the Continent, remains faithful to white for day and the *plage*, the only difference in this classic acceptance being slight changes of style and material expressions. Skirts, *cela va sans dire*, are longer and fuller, but without any undue extravagance. Many are flat pleated in groups of three, and these strike a newer note than the all-*plissé* models.

These flat pleats give quite as easily as knife-kilting, and are far more easily and quickly cleaned, while *kasha* is a delightful fabric for their expression, and looks the epitome of *chic* accompanied by a dressmaker's jumper of white silk tricotine, or, for simpler occasions, one of those many-coloured Norwegian jumpers. With these, too, the very short, loose, lightly belted coats in some vivid-coloured blanket cloth, are much in evidence, a rose colour, for example, having a high amusing collar and deep cuffs and pocket binds of white brushed wool,

A CASINO GOWN
Of black chiffon velvet. This is worn with a black picture hat, underlined white georgette, and trimmed with fancy osprey
Original design by Betty Nisbet

is supremely effective accompanied by a white felt hat, the brim shot up in front and pierced to the crown by a rose-coloured quill, the edges tipped with gold, so that they may glint in the sun.

Such short coats as this have quite superseded the long white blanket style, and also the loose flowing knitted wool cloak to a slightly less degree, and they look equally well in all white, or white with collar and cuffs of *beige* or that delicate pinkish tone like the inside of an uncooked mushroom.

Then for bettermost frocks, suitable alike to afternoon or casino evening wear, there appears to be a real obsession for a delicate *ficelle* or *beige*, gowns that are especially seductive in heavy-weight georgette, georgette and lace, or all lace, the large picturesque black hat in its many expressions of crin, *tulle* and lace, and strained satin forming the almost invariable completion.

The Call of the Moors

OTHERS, again, have done for this season with everything pertaining to ephemeral everyday attire, and are concentrating on tweeds, friezes, and homespuns, and these, it may be said, exact some serious concentration, for events have developed since clothes for Scotland were tentatively dealt with in these pages. As with the seaside outfit, the *modes* differ more in detail than

(*Continued on page x*)

ROLLS-ROYCE

An Owner-Driver's Opinion of the Post-War Rolls-Royce.

"THE car is running most beautifully, and after having owned and driven nine or ten cars previously — high-class English, Italian, Belgian, and American—I am able to appreciate acknowledge and glory in the wonders and super qualities of the Rolls-Royce Car."

Reference No. 520.
(The original may be seen on application.)

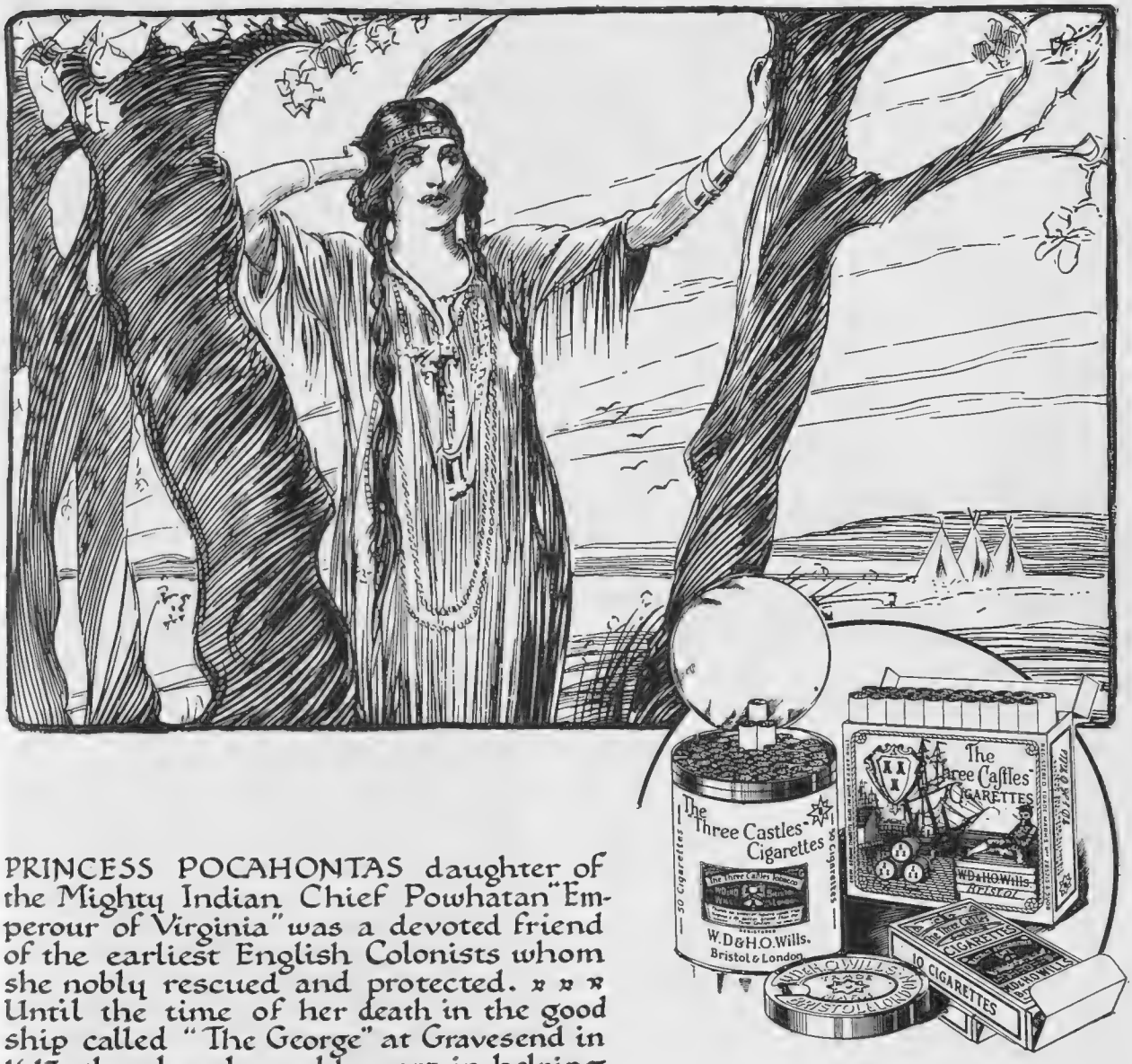
ROLLS-ROYCE CARS AND ROLLS-ROYCE AERO ENGINES ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

ROLLS-ROYCE, LTD.,
15, Conduit Street, London, W.1.

Telegrams: *Rolhead, Piccy., London.*
Telephone: *Mayfair 6040 (4 lines).*

"The Three Castles"
VIRGINIA CIGARETTES.

The Cigarette with the Pedigree.



PRINCESS POCAHONTAS daughter of the Mighty Indian Chief Powhatan "Emperour of Virginia" was a devoted friend of the earliest English Colonists whom she nobly rescued and protected. » » » Until the time of her death in the good ship called "The George" at Gravesend in 1617 she played a noble part in helping forward the Settlement of Virginia by her care for those who thus early were engaged in Planting Tobacco in her Country. 300 years ago "the fertilitie of the soile and the temperature of the climate" proved ideal for the cultivation of Tobacco — centuries of continuous endeavour have made that old and famous Brand of the "Three Castles" as ideal as the land itself. →

"There's no sweeter Tobacco comes from Virginia and no better Brand than the — "THREE CASTLES"
W.M. Thackeray "The Virginians"

W.D. & H.O. Wills, Bristol & London, England.

T.C.12.

This Advertisement is issued by the Imperial Tobacco Company (Of Great Britain & Ireland), Limited for the United Kingdom of Great Britain & Ireland and by the British-American Tobacco Company, Limited for export.

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

actual form, although, as I have just inferred, there is something of a bewildering choice in materials appropriate to the simple knock-about suit and wrap-coat that are alone accepted as *de rigueur* for the North.

There is something irresistibly fascinating in real homespun, and without going to any sensational extremes, there is a far wider and better selection of colour and design than was the case of yore. These hand-loom stuffs wear for a lifetime, and frequently tone down, by time and exposure, to even more exquisite tints than originally intended. This holds particularly true of heather mixtures in mauve and greys, browns and *beige*, interwoven with little tufts of orange and the like, and although coats may alter a trifle in shape, fit a little more closely or loosely as fashion decrees, skirts being similarly affected, the general aspect of studious simplicity is maintained.

For those women who shoot themselves as well as those who merely walk with the guns, neutral tones are invariably prescribed. Nor has familiarity staled the perfect comfort of the belted Norfolk type of coat. The modern version of which, however, has expanding pleats at the back and straight fronts, the sleeves set in with a pivot point beneath the arms to allow of absolute freedom. A patch of leather on the shoulders is a wise precaution to prevent the wear occasioned by the rub of a gun, leather also helping to preserve the hem of the skirt.

"THE BYSTANDER" ON THE BALTIC

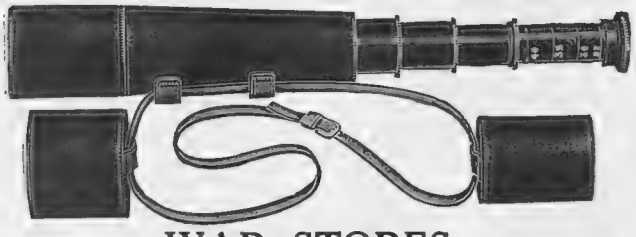
Bansin, on the Baltic, is the Pruss's paradise, the seaside citadel of Monarchism and militarism, which Republicans, Radicals, and Socialists may not approach. This is a "Bystander's" snapshot of the sun-blessed haunt of pre-war Imperial Germany

Round the World Tour

Mr. Edward Gray, F.R.G.S., has successfully completed two world tours in the last two years, and is preparing for his third, which leaves this shore on November 3 next, and touches at India, Australia, Japan, and the United States during the six months that the trip takes. The P. and O. Company's Royal Mail steamer, *Naldera*, will again convey the tourists, and Mr. Edward Gray will be pleased to interview anyone contemplating joining the party, and can be seen at his office in Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2

For Girls and Boys

A little booklet which has just been published by the Great Eastern Railway, entitled *G.E. Joys for Girls and Boys*, will make great appeal to the children, for while the object is to associate in their minds the joys of holiday times with the watering-places and inland resorts of East Anglia and the Harwich route to the Continent, it is believed that the verses and illustrations—both the work of Great Eastern Railway men—will provide many a happy hour in the nursery, alike for the youngsters themselves and their elders. Copies of the booklet may be had on application to the company's stations.



WAR STORES.

HIGH POWER TELESCOPES

For Gameshooting, Deerstalking, Astronomical, Marine and General Use.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICE.

THE "TARGET"

A Portable Telescope with Pancratic Eyepiece giving magnifying powers of **25, 30, 35** and **40** diameters by adjustment of first tube. It has a 2¼ in. Object Glass, Leather-covered Body, Caps and Sling. Closes to 11 in. PRICE **£6 10 0.** Postage and insurance free.

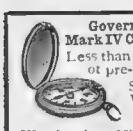
These Telescopes are made up from parts left over from our War contracts for the Ministry of Munitions.

We are selling at this remarkable price to clear up stock.

Made throughout in our own factory in London.

The cheapest telescope of its class in the world.

Send for Illustrated Price List No. 9 B Post Free



Government Mark IV Compasses

Less than one-third of pre-war price.

Size 1¾ in. Weight 1¾ ozs.

Watch size. Nickel case Pocket Compass with luminous radium points and direction line for night reading. 4/6 post free.

AITCHISON & Co., Ltd.

(Estd. 1880).

Opticians to H.M. Government.

428, STRAND, LONDON, W.C. 2.
281, Oxford Street, W.C.1.
121, Cheapside, E.C.2.
and Branches,
London, Leeds, and Swansea.

Trade Mark

Engine troubles and tyre troubles usually occur miles away from a "wash and brush up" place. Carry OLOF CREAM with you and you are independent of soap and water.

Just enough Olof to cover the thumbnail, rubbed well into the hands, will extract all grease and dirt from the skin. Wipe off with a rag, and your hands will be clean, soft and supple.

Olof acts as a balm to cuts and abrasions. It contains no grit, requires no water or soap, and is as beneficial to the skin as any specially prepared cream.

Olof Cream is supplied in 9d., 1/-, and 1/6 tins by Garages, Hardware Stores, Chemists, Cycle Shops, etc

COUPON

Sample tin can be obtained by cutting out this coupon, attaching to same your name and address with 2d. in stamps to John Knight, Ltd., Royal Primrose Soap Works, Silvertown, E.—*Bystander*.

Summit Soft collars Shape 99

HERE is a new Summit, Shape 99, cut on the graceful lines of Summit Stiff Collar Shape 95.

Shape 99 is made from good White Repp material—soft enough for summer comfort—stiff enough to sit nicely without a pin—equally suitable for business or leisure wear.

Half sizes from 13½" to 18½".
Worn with or without safety pin.

1/- each - Six for 6/-

At all Austin Reed Shops
Sample Collar and Booklet Post Free, 1/-
Write to 113 Regent Street, W.1

AUSTIN REED Ltd
"Hosiers to Discerning Men"
NINE LONDON SHOPS
Also at
Birmingham · Manchester
Bristol & Preston

Faulkners' Norwegian Footwear Has no Equal for Shooting.

HIGH BOOTS.
SHORT BOOTS.
SHOES.

Price in Brown
£6 5 0
Less 10% for Cash.

Write for Full Particulars, also of the Poethlyn Legging.

Faulkner & Son
51 & 52, South Molton Street
BOND STREET LONDON W.1.
And at CAMBERLEY & CAMBRIDGE.

By the Sea

on the Moors, the Mountains or River; the Open Road, the Links or the Lakes — wherever her holiday is spent a woman can wear pearls.

They are the one gem appropriate to any surroundings. They harmonise with any dress—look as charming and correct on jumper, blouse or jersey as on the richest evening gown and give a finish to a woman's appearance that nothing else can.

All the best-dressed women wear them when holiday making—either genuine pearls, or for preference the one perfect substitute that cannot be detected from the real—

Ciro Pearls

Sea or Mountain air has no effect upon the sheen or durability of CIRO PEARLS. They remain perfect in all climates, all weather and all conditions. Worn side by side with genuine pearls, they cannot be detected from the real.

Natural Oriental pearls cost a small fortune yet look no more beautiful than CIRO PEARLS, which reproduce the genuine gem in all its subtle colouring, superb lustre and delicate texture at a figure well within any woman's means.

If you come to our showrooms your own eyes will convince you, or, if you cannot, avail yourself of

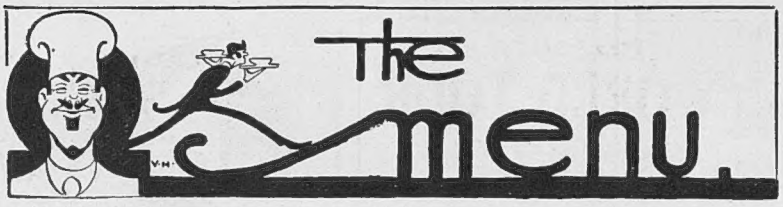
OUR UNIQUE OFFER.

On receipt of One Guinea we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls, 16 inches long, with clasp and case complete, or a Ring, Brooch, Ear-rings, or any other Ciro Pearl Jewel in hand-made gold settings. If, after comparing them with real or other artificial pearls, they are not found equal to the former or superior to the latter, return them to us within fifteen days and we will refund your money. Ciro Pearl necklets may also be obtained in any length required. We have a large staff of expert pearl stringers.

Latest descriptive booklet No. 7 post free on application.

Ciro Pearls Ltd.,
39 Old Bond Street London W.1 Dept 7.

Our Showrooms are on the First Floor, over Lloyd's Bank. Near Piccadilly



HOME-MADE CHUTNEYS

APPLE CHUTNEY
GREEN TOMATO CHUTNEY
RIPE TOMATO CHUTNEY
VEGETABLE MARROW JAM
PIQUANTE SAUCE FOR WILD DUCK
DAMSON GIN

Apple Chutney

INGREDIENTS.—2 lbs. of apples (weighed after they are peeled, cored, and sliced), 2 ozs. of dried chillies, 1 lb. of sugar, ½ lb. of stoned raisins, 4 ozs. of salt, 2 ozs. of ginger, 2 ozs. of garlic, 2½ pints of vinegar. Put the apples into an enamel-lined saucepan with one pint and three-quarters of the vinegar, and boil till they are soft and pulpy. Pound the ginger, garlic, and salt together in a mortar, then rub them through a coarse sieve, and add them to the apples. Lastly, stir in the sugar and raisins, mix very thoroughly with a wooden spoon, and add the rest of the vinegar. Put the chutney into bottles, and tie down securely.

Green Tomato Chutney

Ingredients.—4 lbs. of tomatoes, 2 lbs. of apples, 2 ozs. of crushed mustard seeds, ¼ lb. of salt, ½ oz. of chillies, 2 ozs. of garlic, 3 ozs. of root ginger, 2 lbs. of Demerara sugar, 1 lb. of sultanas, 2 quarts of vinegar. Peel and slice the tomatoes, peel and core the apples, crush the mustard seed, peel and mince the garlic, shred the chillies with scissors, scrape the ginger, pick over and clean the sultanas. Put all into a preserving-pan, and boil till of a good consistency for chutney. Put into hot jars. Cover with air-tight coverings, and store for use.

Ripe Tomato Chutney

To every ½ lb. of pulp allow one gill of vinegar, ¼ oz. each of salt, black pepper, and garlic, ½ oz. of chopped shallot, as much cayenne as will lie on a threepenny piece, and the juice of a large lemon. Put the tomatoes into a baking-dish, and cook in the oven till they are soft, then rub through a sieve. Measure the pulp and other ingredients, and put them all (except the lemon juice) into an enamelled-lined pan. Cook slowly for half an hour, then strain again. Add the lemon-juice and cook (if possible using a double saucepan) for six hours. It will then be a delicious seedless chutney, of the consistency of thick cream. When quite cold, bottle and store for future use.

Vegetable Marrow Jam

To every 5 lbs. of marrow allow 5 lbs. of sugar, the juice of two lemons, 2 ozs. of preserved ginger, and a large pinch of cayenne pepper. Put sugar and a little water to keep it from burning in the preserving-pan. When it is melted add the marrow (cut up), ginger, cayenne, and the juice of the lemons. Boil slowly for an hour or longer. The marrow looks clear when the jam is cooked.

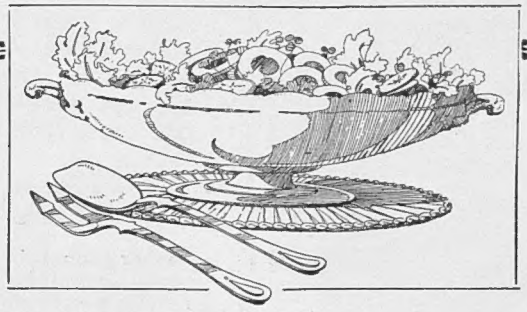
Piquante Sauce for Wild Duck

One dessertspoonful each of mushroom catsup, lemon-juice, and Lee and Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce, two tablespoonfuls of port wine, a dash of sugar, a pinch of salt and cayenne. Boil up and serve very hot.

Damson Gin

Into a two-gallon jar put three quarts of picked, dry, and sound damsons, ½ lb. of brown sugar candy (or loaf) pounded, ½ oz. of bitter almonds or damson kernels. Put over this one gallon of gin. Let the jar be well shaked occasionally. Be careful that the corks are airtight.

EMILIA



SAID THE SALAD:

"People know that Lea & Perrins' Sauce is just as necessary with me as mustard is with a ham sandwich."

ONLY that food is satisfying which has a zestful flavour. A few drops of Lea & Perrins' Sauce imparts toothsomeness to even the most commonplace foods. Use it with cheese as well as mutton, with potatoes as well as eggs. Economical because sparingly used.

Lea & Perrins' Sauce

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

"The first thing to reach for"

150 Recipes FREE

Every woman should know how to make salads with uniform excellence. Twelve varieties are described in this free cookery book, together with 150 suggestions for appetising dishes. Get your copy to-day. Free for 1d. stamp to cover postage. Lea & Perrins, 7, Midland Road, Worcester.

WENT WITHOUT DINNER FOR FEAR OF PAIN.

Few people realise the pleasure to be obtained from the simple eating of a good "square meal" until the time comes when the stomach weakens and they fear to eat heartily because of the pain they know will follow! Writing from 50, Crusoe-road, Mitcham, Mr. Horace P. Wilson says: "After years of continual stomach trouble I have found that Bisurated Magnesia tablets have been a great help. I have been very bad with stomach trouble and have more than once gone without a dinner because I dreaded the consequences. I am only too pleased to recommend a sound remedy after many trials of substitutes." Thousands more letters could be quoted, all testifying that there's no remedy like Bisurated Magnes a Tabletsfor Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Flatulence, Heartburn, Gastritis and other stomach troubles. Make a personal test of Bisurated Magnesia Tablets in *your* case; thousands of people in all parts of the world have had their whole lives changed for the better as a result of just such a trial. It will cost you but 1s. 3d., the price of a flask at any chemists. But be sure you get the kind the doctors recommend—ask clearly for "BISURATED" Magnesia Tablets—the world's best remedy for your trouble.

BISURATED MAGNESIA is the best remedy for indigestion, and is also obtainable in powder form.

£200 MATERNITY

Finlay's Patents—adjustable any size.

30 FREE PRIZES—£100; £50; etc.

Last £100 won by Hillie Behrendt, 7, Gill Street, Saltburn.

Write for particulars of prizes, also

FREE WONDERFUL BABY BOOK,

Fashions Bulletin, and Patterns of Latest Materials.

GOWNS from **42/-** SKIRTS from **15/11**
COSTUMES „ **63/-** CORSETS „ **16/11**

Money refunded if not delighted.

FINLAY'S, 153, HOULDSWORTH STREET, (Top Oldham St.), MANCHESTER.

London Showrooms: 47, Duke Street (facing Selfridges), W.1

DELICIOUS FRENCH COFFEE

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast and After Dinner.

In making use LESS QUANTITY, it being so much stronger than ORDINARY COFFEE.

SNAPSHOTS

NO CHARGE FOR FAILURES

FOTOCO LTD.

YOUR FILMS and PLATES DEVELOPED, PRINTED and RETURNED WITHIN 48 HOURS.

Half the pleasure of photography is getting your pictures quickly. Fotoco Service ensures this.

Write for full list and special free offer to

Dept. Bs. FOTOCO LTD., 5 Red Lion Sq., W.C.1.

DELIGHTFUL

WORLD TOUR

Leaving 3rd November.

Visiting Ceylon, Australia, New Zealand, Java, China, Japan, and Canada, etc.

Ladies and Gentlemen desirous of joining the party should apply to—

Mr. EDWARD GRAY, F.R.G.S., Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2.

SCOTLAND

THE SHORTEST ROUTE from LONDON to EDINBURGH, PERTH, DUNDEE, ABERDEEN, INVERNESS, Etc., IS FROM KING'S CROSS (G.N.)

Train Service, Holiday Booklets, etc., obtainable from Supt. of Line, G.N.R., King's Cross Station, London, N.1, or any of the Company's Offices and Stations.

TRAVEL BY

EAST COAST ROUTE

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

ENGLAND'S SUNNY SOUTH

Week End Cheap Tickets issued by all trains every Saturday available for return on Sunday or Monday to

Brighton	**Eastbourne**	**Isle of Wight**
Hove	**Seaford**	**Portsmouth**
Worthing	**Bexhill**	**Southsea**
Littlehampton	**St. Leonards**	**Hayling Island**
Bognor	**Hastings**	**Tunbridge Wells**

THE SOUTHERN BELLE Pullman Express VICTORIA to BRIGHTON 11.0 a.m. and 3.10 p.m. Week days and 11.0 a.m. and 6.30 p.m. Sundays.

3rd CLASS PULLMAN EXPRESS to BRIGHTON every Sunday. VICTORIA dep. 9.45 a.m., CLAPHAM JUNC. 9.52 a.m., EAST CROYDON 10.6 a.m.

EASTBOURNE PULLMAN EXPRESS every Sunday from VICTORIA 10.45 a.m.

8 or 15 Days' Excursions by certain trains every Friday.

Programme of Cheap Arrangements from Supt. of the Line, L.B. & S.C.R., London Bridge Terminus, S.E.1.

NOT A DEPILATORY NOT ELECTROLYSIS

HELEN LAWRENCE

guarantees to kill the roots of

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

by her Original Method

She does not pretend to work a miracle. Superfluous hair roots cannot be killed quickly; it must be done gradually, because any drastic treatment injures the skin and tissue, but anyone who will for a time give a few minutes every day to this treatment *can be cured.*

In the first treatment all existing hairs can be removed, and their roots considerably weakened. A permanent cure is begun—and it only needs a few minutes' treatment daily to ensure permanency.

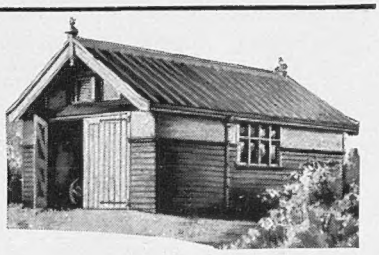
Come and see me personally—if you cannot, write for

Home Treatment - - Post free **12/6**
Sample - - - Post free **2/-**
(to demonstrate efficiency)

Personal treatment at Kensington 10/6

Postage and packing for abroad, **1/6** extra.

HELEN LAWRENCE
167, Kensington High St., LONDON, W.8
(First Floor). Telephone: Western 7141



Inexpensive Motor House B 202

YOU can have a soundly-built B. & P. garage erected in your own grounds or garden at small cost, and in less than three weeks from date of order.

The illustration shows *House No. B 202*, which can be delivered immediately. It is portable, *i.e.*, made in sections

Write to-day for sizes, prices, and our interesting Motor House Catalogue No. A118.

Boulton & Paul Ltd

HEAD OFFICE AND WORKS, NORWICH

Foster FINEST FLAVOURED JELLIES

ALWAYS SET FIRM **Clark's JELLIES**

They don't fray

If people take the first laces offered without question as to quality or origin, they have only themselves to blame if the tags come off, the laces look shabby, fray quickly, break easily.

Remember to ask for, and insist on, Paton's Laces next time you buy. They have—

FAST TAGS that cannot come off.
HUNDREDS OF THREADS in each lace to give extra strength.
A SMART APPEARANCE which is permanent.

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

PATON'S LACES are sold by all Bootmakers and Repairers at a few coppers per pair, and there are none to equal them.

WM. PATON, LTD., Johnstone, Scotland.

℗ P. 10.

Tel: 52 Broxbourne

LT.-COL. RICHARDSON'S AIREDALES

SPECIALLY TRAINED AGAINST **BURGLARS** for **LADIES' GUARDS**

From **10 Gns.** PUPS **5 Gns.**

Wormley Hill, Broxbourne, Herts
30 mins. from Liverpool Street

Off for a bath with——

The most Soothing Soap for Children

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

The nursery Soap Protects from Infection

7d. per Tablet Box of 3 Tablets, 1/9. Bath Tablets (Double Size) 1/- Box of 3 Tablets, 3/-

Printed for the Proprietors, GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED, by Messrs. W. H. SMITH & SON, The Arden Press, Stamford Street, London, S.E. 8 and published weekly by GRAPHIC PUBLICATIONS, LIMITED, at Graphic Buildings, Whitefriars, London, E.C.4.—August 16, 1922.
Entered as second-class mail matter at the New York (N.Y.) Post Office.